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THE

# DUBLIN REVIEW

A QUARTERLY AND CRITICAL JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1927

Art. 1. THE LATIN BIBLE (PART I.). By Dom H. John Chapman, O.S.B.

Art. 2. CHRISTIANITY AND THE IDEA OF PROGRESS. By Christopher Dawson.

Art. 3. BAROQUE ART. By Harold S. Squirrell.

Art. 4. EVOLUTION AS A THEORY OF ASCENT. By Fr. John Ashton, S.J.

Art. 5. HENRI GHÉON. By May Bateman.

Art. 6. INDIA SINCE THE REFORMS. By Lt.-Col. Aubrey O'Brien, C.I.E., C.B.E.

Art. 7. POST-WAR AUSTRIA AND ITS PROBLEMS. By N. F. Grant, C.B.E.

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JANUARY, 1927

No. 360

## ART. I.—THE LATIN BIBLE (PART I)

*BIBLIA Sacra iuxta Latinam Vulgatam versionem ad codicum fidem, iussu Pii PP. XI, cura et studio monachorum S. Benedicti Commissionis Pontificiae a Pio PP. X institutae sodalium, praside Aidano Gasquet, S.R.E. Cardinale edita.*

*Librum Genesis recensuit D. Henricus Quentin, monachus Solesmensis. Rome, Vatican Press, xlviii+427 pp. 4to, 1926.*

In the spring of 1907, Pope Pius X inaugurated a commission for the revision of the text of the Vulgate, by a letter addressed by Cardinal Rampolla to the Abbot Primate of S. Anselmo in Rome. The words of the letter will best explain the intention of the Pontiff, in entrusting this work to the Benedictine monks:

Among the most useful subjects calling for the attention of the learned is certainly an active and exhaustive study of the variants of the Latin Vulgate. Indeed, the Fathers of the Council of Trent, while recognizing the Vulgate as the authentic edition for the public uses of the Church, did not conceal its imperfections, and therefore expressed the wish that it should be with all diligence submitted to a most minute examination, and given a form more definitely conformable to the original texts.

This task they entrusted to the solicitude of the Apostolic See, and the Roman Pontiffs, as far as the conditions of their times allowed them, were not slow to extend to the emendation of the Vulgate their wise efforts, although it was not given them to attain the perfect fulfilment of this far from easy undertaking.

*Until the time is ripe for such an important revision as will render it possible to give a thoroughly amended edition of the Latin Vulgate,*

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it is indispensable that there should be a laborious preliminary study of preparation, comprising *a more diligent and complete collection of the variants of the Vulgate* which are to be found in the codices and in the writings of the Fathers, and to this study many learned men have applied themselves diligently and zealously, and among these the illustrious and indefatigable Father Vercellone of the Barnabites justly occupies a worthy position.

But as the work is of a very complex kind, it has seemed well that it should be officially entrusted to a religious Order capable of disposing of means proportioned to the difficulty of the undertaking.

The Pope speaks of a future "important revision," for which the times are not yet ripe. This future revision will make it possible to give a "thoroughly amended edition"—that is to say, a new "authentic" edition, to take the place of the present Clementine Vulgate. The work of the monks is not to produce a new edition, but to prepare the way for a new edition by collecting the various readings of the manuscripts, and thus making possible to some extent a history of the text, so that some approximation may be obtained to the original of St. Jerome himself. The eventual edition to be authorized by the Holy See will presumably be entrusted to a commission of Cardinals. We may further presume that St. Jerome's Vulgate will not be authorized without receiving further emendation from the Hebrew and the Greek.

The Benedictines have therefore been working at the collection of variants and their co-ordination into a full critical apparatus.

Before speaking of the work of this Commission, I propose to sketch the origin and history of the Vulgate itself.

The origins of the Latin Bible are involved in obscurity. The early Christian writings which have come to us from Rome are in Greek—the Epistle of Clement at the end of the first century, the Pastor of Hermas a little later, and the writings of Hippolytus (c. 205–235). It has been assumed by modern writers that the Roman Church until the beginning of the third century was



a Greek-speaking community. This is paradoxical. Romans talked Latin, though their slaves and freedmen came from many countries. In the first century there were converts from distinguished Roman families. Early inscriptions in the catacombs are Latin as well as Greek. We have indeed no Christian writings in Latin before Tertullian of Carthage, whose works commence two or three years before the third century. But the Churches of the West must have had a Latin Bible before this.

In the middle of the third century we have two Latin writers who quote a Latin Bible, St. Cyprian at Carthage and Novatian at Rome. St. Cyprian's New Testament was of a type known as "African," whereas Novatian seems to agree with a larger group of manuscripts called "European." Thus we seem to have already two rival revisions or versions coexisting before 250.\*

Many scholars have denied that Tertullian (whose writings begin about 198) possessed a Latin Bible. But he frequently does refer to and criticize a current translation.† And yet earlier, about 180, we have actual mention of "books and Epistles of St. Paul" in the Acts of the Scillitan Martyrs. Further, in the Greek letter of the Church of Lyons in 176 the scriptural quotations are retranslations from the Latin. We have no reason to doubt that a Latin New Testament was in existence at the latest by the middle of the second century, though it would not contain all the Epistles, St. Jude (first) and then St. James, 2 Peter, and eventually Hebrews, being added subsequently.

A curious light has lately been thrown on the text of St. Paul used in ancient Britain. The heretic Pelagius, who was either Irish or Scotch by birth, was British by education and domicile. He wrote a commentary on thirteen Epistles of St. Paul before the year 410, and

\* The fragmentary codex *h* (at Turin) agrees closely with Cyprian, and so does the superb codex *e* at Vienna, but with some Vulgate admixture. Both are of the fifth century.

† Tertullian regularly alters his quotations, not (I think) because he is using the Greek, nor because he is quoting by heart, but because he prefers his own style. Yet he has curious agreements with the African texts, and sometimes with the European.

used an Old Latin text which can partly be recovered. Characteristic readings of this text are found in the writings of St. Gildas the Wise (c. 550), and also in "the Book of Armagh," a famous New Testament (with other writings) written in Ireland in the year 812. This is very important. Britain was invaded by the heathen Saxons shortly after Pelagius. During the two centuries which followed, the Christian inhabitants were either massacred or driven into Wales, Cornwall and Armorica, and the Irish as well as the Welsh Christians were cut off to a great extent from communication with the Continent and with Rome. St. Gildas was a great writer and reformer of the remains of the British Church in Wales in the middle of this period, when England was heathen. His activities were extended to Ireland as well.

Now the fact that his text of St. Paul agrees with that of Pelagius a hundred and fifty years earlier shows that the British text of St. Paul remained with little change during those troublous times. The text of St. Paul in the Book of Armagh is a mixture of the old British text with the Vulgate, which must have been well known in Ireland long before the beginning of the ninth century. Whether the British St. Paul was introduced into Ireland by St. Gildas, or whether it was the form of text used there from St. Patrick's time, we cannot, of course, tell. But the persistence for four centuries of many incorrect and even absurd readings in these islands is of great interest.\*

By the end of the fourth century the original types of the Old Latin had varied considerably; they had been corrected in style and had continually been altered to agree with various Greek manuscripts. They were all "Western" in character—that is to say, they contained many of the harmonizations and interpolations which are characteristic of the so-called "Western text" of the New Testament. Though we can now distinguish three

\* The identity of so many readings in Pelagius, in Gildas, and in the Book of Armagh was pointed out by the present writer in the *Revue d'hist. eccl.* of Louvain, 1923, and simultaneously by Professor A. Souter in his admirable monograph on the Commentaries of Pelagius, vol. i. (in *Cambridge Texts and Studies*, 1922).

great classes of those manuscripts which survive, we gather from them the truth of the assertions of St. Jerome and St. Augustine, that every manuscript had a different text. There was no "authorized version," and Pope St. Damasus entrusted St. Jerome with the task of producing one, soon after the peace of the Church had been obtained by the reunion of the East with Rome under Theodosius the Great.

The Pope's directions were explicit. St. Jerome, in his Preface to the New Testament prefixed to all Latin Bibles, addresses St. Damasus thus:

"You ask me to make a new work out of an old one: so that after copies of the Scriptures have been dispersed all over the world, I should sit as a judge, and decree, wherever they vary, which of them agree with the Greek original. A labour of piety, indeed, but of peril also, to judge, and then myself to be judged by all men—to change the tongue of the aged, and to teach the hoary world to start anew. For what learned man, or even what ignoramus, when he has taken up my volume in his hands, and sees what he reads to be different from the flavour to which he has been accustomed, will not at once exclaim that I am a falsifier, a profaner, for daring to add or change or correct what is in the ancient books? But I am comforted by two thoughts, first that you who are the *summus sacerdos* gave the order, and secondly, that (even by the witness of the malicious) variation cannot be truth [*verum non esse quod variat*]. For if we are to believe the Latin codices, let them tell us which! For there are nearly as many texts as there are books [*tot sunt enim quot codices*]."

An examination of the Vulgate New Testament shows that St. Jerome, in fact, carried out his instructions. He does not make a new translation. He does not follow a particular type of Old Latin, but he accepts the existing rendering which is nearest to the best Greek readings. It is surprising how little is wholly new, and how much even of "Western" flavour has been left. But, on the whole, the New Testament has been assimilated to the "neutral" type of the Greek manuscripts (or, as von

Soden calls it, the Hesychius type)—that is to say, to the two famous manuscripts followed so faithfully by Westcott and Hort, B (codex Vaticanus) and  $\aleph$  (codex Sinaiticus), especially the latter. Hence St. Jerome's New Testament is a very literal translation (as the Old Latin always was), preserving the very order of the words of the Greek (as the Old Latin regularly did, and as St. Jerome professes to do), and it also represents an extremely good Greek text.

St. Jerome published the Gospels in 383. St. Damasus died soon after, and St. Jerome left Rome for Palestine.

Certain critics have recently denied that St. Jerome ever revised the remainder of the New Testament, the chief argument being that in his commentaries of 386 on four Epistles of St. Paul he does not use precisely the Vulgate. But it seems that the publication of the New Testament as a whole by St. Jerome belongs to the year 391, so the alleged proof fails.\*

But St. Jerome does not regularly quote from his own revision. Occasionally he does so, exactly or freely, but frequently he employs an older text, quoting from memory, or he makes a new rendering from the Greek. He continually cites the Old Testament according to the LXX, and not according to his own version from the Hebrew, in spite of the fact that he is fond of extolling the Hebrew and depreciating the Greek translation and its Old Latin equivalent.

Yet he took great pains in correcting the New Testament. The variety of readings in the Old Latin codices of the Gospels was enormous; the "Western" interpolations in the Old Latin of Acts necessitated radical operations. But in the Epistles the Old Latin variants were neither numerous nor important. Far less alteration was necessary, and what alterations St. Jerome actually made, he made with extreme caution and even timidity.

St. Jerome tells us of one change he ventured to make.

\* For these points I am obliged to refer to my own three articles in the *Journal of Theological Studies* (October, 1922; January and April, 1923), in which I believe I have made the matter clear.

The Old Latin order of the Gospels put the two Apostles first: Matthew, John, Luke, Mark. Jerome introduced the Greek order, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John.

But his Old Testament was altogether an innovation. The Old Latin in use in his day was translated from the Greek. Now the Septuagint was considered to be inspired—Tertullian thought so, so did St. Augustine. It was said that the seventy-two translators were shut up in cells (alone or in pairs) in the island of Pharos, and when they compared their renderings found them to be word for word the same.

This legend was believed as early as the second century by St. Irenæus and Clement of Alexandria. It was supposed commonly that these seventy-two translators translated the Old Testament entire, although the false letter of Aristeas only speaks of the Law.

Hence St. Jerome's enterprise in passing over the Seventy, and translating direct from the Hebrew, was courageous. The New Testament writers generally quote the Septuagint; but St. Jerome could point triumphantly to several citations (especially in St. Matthew) where the Hebrew alone can justify the words and the sense.

St. Jerome's translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew was not commissioned by the Pope; it was a private venture. Every preface he wrote to the different books as they appeared is a letter, often explaining that his rendering was made, or published, in answer to a request by the friends whom he addresses. In these prefaces he replies to his detractors. The most famous remonstrance is that of St. Augustine, who had entered upon a friendship with the recluse of Bethlehem by letter. Augustine, somewhat younger, was a bishop, and already famous through his first publications. The story is well known which he writes to Jerome—how a bishop of his acquaintance had introduced St. Jerome's version in his Church; how in the reading of the Prophet Jonas, the people, who were accustomed to hear that Jonah sat under a gourd (*cucurbita*), made a tumult when the lector read "ivy"; the bishop inquired of the Jews, who declared



that gourd or pumpkin was right, and that Jerome was wrong. So the bishop had to withdraw the new version, as he did not wish to remain without a congregation. St. Augustine urges that the translation from the Hebrew will cause a division between East and West, if the Eastern Churches continue to use the Septuagint; and he declares that it is difficult to deny the authority of the Greek and the Latin.

Later on St. Augustine seems to have changed his mind, and to have attributed some value to St. Jerome's new work. But it had not the same immediate success as the revision of the New Testament. From St. Jerome's time onwards the Gospels were usually quoted according to his revision, which gradually superseded all the many Old Latin forms. But for nearly two centuries after St. Jerome's death (in 420) we find the Old Latin of the Old Testament regularly used, and the Vulgate seldom. Cassiodorus had complete Bibles of both versions in the middle of the sixth century. But the triumph of the translation from the Hebrew only began with St. Gregory the Great. That Pope declared that the Roman Church received both translations; but he himself employed St. Jerome's, and his great commentaries on Ezekiel and Job have St. Jerome's text. Thus we may say roughly that the universal use of St. Jerome's Bible does not begin until about the year 600.

His Old Testament contrasts singularly with the New. Instead of being slavishly literal, he translated the Hebrew idiomatically and freely. It is a fine readable version, usually giving the sense quite accurately, and showing a serviceable and sufficient (though by no means learned or pedantic) knowledge of the Hebrew language. St. Jerome was capable of the most polished style, and of the metrical endings to clauses which were *de rigueur* in his time. But in many of his writings he wilfully neglects the latter. So also in the Vulgate. An Italian critic has lately stated that in the Vulgate Old Testament St. Jerome always uses correct metrical *clausule*; and he proves this by giving a list of no less than fifteen correct endings, and showing that St. Jerome always uses one or

other of these. The critic had not observed that he had exhausted all the likely endings, and nearly all the possible ones! As a fact, the correct endings are only six in number, and St. Jerome uses them in a few of his more careful writings just as St. Cyprian or St. Ambrose or Ammianus Marcellinus might have done, though he states that they were not for Christians. But he introduced them nowhere in the Bible; it would have been an innovation, as there is no trace of them in the very literal Old Latin.

Indeed, St. Jerome generally dictated his works, for his eyes became weak in middle life; so he had presumably been long-sighted in his youth. Shorthand writers were more used by the ancients than by the moderns, even since Sir Isaac Pitman. St. Jerome tells us that it is impossible to have a good style if one dictates; for elaborate prose it was necessary to have pen in hand, and to scratch out and revise and rewrite. And he was very hasty. His fine commentary on St. Matthew was dictated in a fortnight. In the same way he tells us that he dictated the version of the three books of Solomon, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Songs, in three days, just after a long illness. Over Tobit and Judith, which he did not regard as canonical, he took even less trouble. He rendered the Chaldee of Judith, giving the sense only, at a sitting. For Tobit, which was also in Chaldee, he got hold of a Jew, who read it into Hebrew for him, and he dictated the Latin to a shorthand writer.\*

He showed his respect for the Septuagint only in two books. He refused to translate Baruch at the end of Jeremias; but he inserted in Daniel and in Esther all the portions which were found in the Greek and not in the

\* But St. Jerome did not disregard the Greek. He had revised the whole of the Old Testament in the Latin from the Greek before he made his version from the Hebrew, though he says he was robbed of most of this work, and it has not come down to us. He did not, however, revise Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, and Machabees, which he did not accept in his canon; and the versions we now have of these in our Bibles are quite independent of St. Jerome. They vary in the MSS. to an extraordinary extent; this is especially the case with Ecclesiasticus, which is full of interpolations and doublets or repetitions. There are four distinct texts of Machabees, and five are known to me in MSS. of Judith and Tobit, besides St. Jerome's.



Hebrew. In his commentaries on the Major Prophets he always gives the text according to the Hebrew (that is, the Vulgate), followed by the text according to the Greek (that is, probably, his own revision of the Old Latin). And he tells us that in the short sermons he gave daily in his own monastery at Bethlehem, he always commented on the Old Latin from the Septuagint. He made three revisions of the Psalms. That from the Hebrew has not been used in the Liturgy. We use in the Breviary his second revision of the Old Latin Psalter, known as the Gallican Psalter. But his first revision, known as the Roman, is still used at St. Peter's, and also in the Ambrosian rite, I believe. It was abolished elsewhere by St. Pius V. The Vulgate Commission will, of course, have to publish all three Psalters.

The Commission is concerned with the MSS. of the Vulgate. They are naturally more numerous than those of any other book, and have been estimated at ten thousand or at forty thousand. This would not mean whole Bibles, or even whole books, but would count every fragment. Now the numeration of Greek codices by von Soden in 1902 reached 2,339, of which 1,725 are of the Gospels. Dr. Gregory reached a much higher figure in 1909—3,880 MSS. and lectionaries. If we add the commentaries with text, we get over 4,400. The Old Testament MSS. and fragments would probably bring the total up to 6,000 MSS. of the Greek Bible. Now Latin MSS. are immensely more numerous, so that 25,000 would be a low estimate, and even 40,000 not absurd.

The oldest MSS. of the Gospels are of the fourth century, and are of the old translation. One, at Vercelli, is said to have been written by St. Eusebius of Vercelli, who died in 371. Another is in the Chapter Library at Verona, a library which goes back to the sixth century. One of the fifth century belonged to the famous Abbey of Corbie in Picardy, an Irish foundation at the junction of the Somme and the Ancre, between Amiens and Albert; another belonged to the equally famous monastery of Bobbio. Some beautiful fragments of the same

century from Sarazzano were discovered by Abbot Amelli, and he promised in 1871 to publish this text, but he has not yet fulfilled his promise.\*

We are less lucky with the Vulgate. One could hardly expect a fourth-century codex of a revision begun in 383. But of the fifth century we have nothing but a fragmentary MS. of the Gospels, which has been for ages in the famous library of St. Gallen, another Irish foundation of the seventh century. Professor C. H. Turner promised in 1907 (I think) to edit this text, and, more punctual than Abbot Amelli, is on the point of fulfilling his promise, after no more than twenty years; and a photographic reproduction is promised by the Carnegie trustees.

From the sixth century we have probably three MSS., two of the Gospels and one complete New Testament. But we have to come down to the eighth century for our first complete Vulgate Bible, whereas there are two Greek Bibles of the fourth. But our oldest Vulgate Bible is absolutely complete, "as good as new," though much younger.

It was written in England soon after the year 700, in the famous double monastery of Jarrow—Monkwearmouth, which had been founded a generation earlier by St. Benet Biscop. The Abbot St. Ceolfrid (we learn from Bede and the contemporary Lives of the Abbots) had brought from Italy a "Pandect" or complete Bible, of the *antiqua versio* or Old Latin. This was, beyond reasonable doubt, the great Bible which Cassiodorus describes for us, which he caused to be written for his monastery on the Gulf of Tarentum. He calls it his *codex grandior*, and he tells us that it contained plans of the Tabernacle and of the Temple, and three lists of the books of the Bible. This great book is now lost; but St. Ceolfrid had three great Vulgate Bibles written, one for Monkwearmouth, one for Jarrow, the third to be presented to the Pope. Of the two monastic Bibles, a

\* In 1921 the members of the Vulgate Commission in Rome celebrated the jubilee of the little brochure wherein the promise was made, and we drank the Abbot's health amid much laughter; but even this has not hurried him up.

couple of pages were discovered a few years ago. The Bible for the Pope is preserved entire. It is famous as the *Codex Amiatinus*, because in the Middle Ages it belonged to the Abbey of Monte Amiata, where it was believed to be the autograph of St. Gregory the Great. St. Ceolfrid resigned his position as Abbot in 715, and journeyed to Rome, carrying the huge Bible. But he died on the way, and his companions took the Bible to Rome and duly presented it to the Pope.

The first pages of this book consist of copies of the corresponding pages of the lost *codex grandior* of Cassiodorus—that is to say, the picture of the Tabernacle, the three lists of the books of Holy Scripture, the preface of Cassiodorus to the Old Latin Bible, and a picture described by its inscription as Ezra correcting the Law, whereas it certainly is a portrait of Cassiodorus Senator correcting his great Bible in nine volumes.

The writing of the book is exquisitely neat; it is an Italian uncial, for everything was Roman in St. Benet Biscop's foundation. His library was bought in Italy by himself and St. Ceolfrid, the chant was taught by the Arch-cantor of the Lateran, who came to Northumberland for the purpose.\*

Several Northumbrian gospel books give the same type of text as the *Codex Amiatinus*. One of these is somewhat older, the beautiful little copy of St. John's Gospel preserved at Stonyhurst College. A thirteenth-century in-

\* The order of the books is peculiar, being that of Cassiodorus's nine-volume Bible, consisting of nine groups. Further, the whole Bible is written *per cola et commata*, as was the case in Cassiodorus's nine volumes, in sense lines, an arrangement which has been reproduced in Wordsworth and White's edition of the New Testament. There is good reason, therefore, for believing that this great codex is a copy of Cassiodorus's Bible in nine volumes, written somewhere about the year 550.

It is, however, not a perfectly faithful copy, for it was obviously written under the very careful supervision of the Venerable Bede himself, who has introduced into it some Old Latin readings in Acts out of the curious little *Codex Laudianus* of Acts, a sixth-century Greco-Latin text, now in the Bodleian; this book, Sardinian in origin, was certainly in St. Bede's possession. Further, there are Irish readings in the prologues to the Gospels. Consequently, we are justified in supposing that many other peculiar readings and corrections throughout were introduced at Jarrow. This Bible is singularly free from later corrections; but there are a great many corrections by the original scribe himself—probably again under the direction of our English Doctor.

scription in it tells us that it was taken from St. Cuthbert's coffin in 1104, when his body was found incorrupt.\* It had consequently been buried with the Saint in 687. It is therefore twenty years, or more, older than the Amiatinus. It is written in exactly the same writing, only smaller and finer—presumably by the same scribe; nothing can be imagined more exquisite. The text is almost exactly the same. It must have been written at Jarrow, and was probably a present from that monastery to St. Cuthbert, who lived so near in the Holy Island of Lindisfarne. This famous Abbey, founded by our great Irish apostle St. Aidan, was closely united to Jarrow; St. Bede, who was a monk of Jarrow, was a *confrater* of Lindisfarne.

This connexion is shown once more by the celebrated Gospels of Lindisfarne, which may be seen any day in a show-case in the British Museum. This book shares with the Irish Book of Kells (Trinity College, Dublin) the reputation of being the most beautiful of all ancient manuscripts. Both are of about the same date (say *c.* 700), and the ornamentation, with its elaborate interlacing, is of the same style. The large square Irish script is much the same in both; it is perhaps the most ornamental writing in existence.

But the text of the two is quite different. The Book of Kells (presumably written in Ireland) has a characteristically Irish text, whereas the Book of Lindisfarne has the same text as the Codex Amiatinus. It contains a Neapolitan calendar of which there are traces in the Amiatinus, and which is also found in an English eighth-century MS. in the British Museum. Further, it has four pictures of the Evangelists, one of which is obviously an adaptation of the portrait of Cassiodorus in the Amiatinus. This wonderful book was written at Lindisfarne in honour of St. Cuthbert just after his death, by one of his successors, Eadfrith, who was Bishop-Abbot from 698 to 721, the illuminator being Æthilwald, who himself became bishop in 725. The jewelled binding

\* The ring found on the Saint's finger in 1104 is now in the possession of the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

was worked by an ankret, St. Billfrith, but this has long since disappeared.\*

So much for the famous Northumbrian texts. We turn south to Canterbury. When St. Gregory sent as helpers to St. Augustine the Abbot Mellitus and the monks Justus, Paulinus and Rufinianus, they brought (as well as ecclesiastical necessities—sacred vessels, relics, vestments) *codices plurimos*. In the Middle Ages certain books were identified with these, and exposed as relics on the High Altar of St. Augustine's. One of these, bequeathed by Archbishop Parker to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is old enough to be really a book written at Rome *c.* 600. The writing is Italian uncial, and, of course, it might have been written at Canterbury. Its text has been corrected in England to agree with the Northumbrian. Originally it was of the same family, but not of the same group. The Northumbrian is a South Italian text, so if the Canterbury text is Roman, the resemblance is not surprising.†

The Irish Vulgate texts of the Gospels vary a good deal in the MSS. The Irish of the seventh century were learned, and would not leave their texts alone; hence they mingled Old Latin with Vulgate, and constantly corrected, or fused two readings into one, or gave both words when uncertain which was right—a doublet. This is a special characteristic of the Book of Armagh. I have mentioned the splendid Book of Kells; other Irish Gospels are the Book of Moling and the Book of Durrow.

But Irish texts are not confined to Ireland. We have just seen that an Irish text of the Synoptic Gospels was written at Jarrow. A superb book, in some pages

\* Another interesting book of the Gospels is at Durham. It is traditionally said to have been written by the Venerable Bede himself—he died in 735. The first three Gospels are written in the same Italian style as the Amiatinus and Stonyhurst St. John, and were clearly written at Jarrow-Monkwearmouth, but they give a text of Irish character. St. John is written in a contemporary hand, and belongs to the book; but it is in Anglo-Irish half-uncial, and its text is that of the Amiatinus. So that the Italian hand gives an Irish text, and the Irish hand an English text! Which of the two is St. Bede's writing? A patristic text ascribed to him has the Irish half-uncial. Also he probably preferred the Italian text. So I should attribute to him (if either) the Irish writing of St. John.

† Another example of this text is in the so-called Gospels of St. Augustine in the Bodleian; but most palæographers regard the writing as somewhat later.



rivalling the book of Kells, was written in the Irish style about 700 at Llandaff, and was taken to Lichfield, where it may be seen in a glass case in the Cathedral. Another, the Gospels of Marmoutier, the Abbey founded by the great St. Martin, was written at Tours. St. Columbanus took the Irish text to Gaul in St. Gregory's day (c. 600), and left it at Luxeuil in Burgundy, at St. Gall in Switzerland, and finally at Bobbio in Italy. These were three great centres. First, from Luxeuil was founded Corbie, one of the greatest schools of writing of the early Middle Ages. Corbie became very Anglo-Saxon as well as Irish, before becoming completely French, and it founded another great centre, New Corbie in Saxony. From St. Gall came Reichenau and many other great monasteries. The famous manuscripts of St. Gall give a fundamentally Irish text. As for Bobbio, we know little of its Vulgate texts for certain. It is mainly famous for its early fragments, and especially for its palimpsests. The monks of St. Columbanus disapproved of the classics (so did St. Gregory); consequently they washed out the writings of classical writers on laws or jurisprudence, and wrote works of the Fathers on the top. Modern photography brings out the under writing. A great number of palimpsests hail from Bobbio.

Thus we discover that many French and Swiss texts were under Irish influence. In Germany we find both English and Irish influence. Würzburg still possesses early Gospels written by or for the English St. Burchard and the Irish St. Kilian. Echternach, where the English apostle of North-West Germany, St. Willibrord, died and was buried, and where a procession of sacred dancing is still annually held in his honour, gives us a book of Gospels, which may have belonged to the Saint, together with a Kalendar in which he has with his own hand entered the date of his consecration. These are at Paris. His Gospel text is mixed Northumbrian and Irish, as we might have expected, since the Saint came from the North.\*

\* In France only one early MS. needs special mention; it belonged to the Abbey of St. Germain at Paris, and is known as G: it was a whole Bible, but a great part was lost in the sixteenth century. St. Matthew is

Spain gives us nothing very early, except a fragmentary palimpsest from Leon. The famous Bible known as Toletanus, much used by Cardinal Ximenes for his Complutensian Polyglot, is probably of the eighth century in the main, though an inscription at the end seems to place it at the end of the tenth. It was written at Seville. But the best Spanish text is not to be found in Spain; it is of the second half of the ninth century, a complete Bible in an admirable small Visigothic minuscule, and belongs to the great Abbey of Cava in South Italy on the Gulf of Salerno. There are great Bibles of the ninth, tenth and later centuries at Leon; and at Madrid, from Alcala and Huesca; and one at Burgos. All these have a definite Spanish type of text.

The Italian texts are of far more interest and importance, above all the Codex Fuldensis, written at Capua.\*

St. Gregory tells us, in his Life of St. Benedict, that the Saint one day at Monte Cassino saw the soul of the Bishop of Capua, St. Germanus, ascend into heaven in a globe of light. He sent at once to Capua, and found that the bishop had died at the very hour of the vision. This was in 535. St. Germanus† was succeeded as Bishop of Capua by his deacon St. Victor. Victor came across a copy of the Diatessaron of Tatian.‡ St. Victor had the

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Old Latin (*g*), and the other Gospels are mixed. But the rest of the New Testament is the very purest Vulgate. It was written probably in the South, possibly near Lyons.

\* Two Gospel books of the sixth century deserve special mention—one Milanese at the Ambrosian Library, and another probably from South Italy at the British Museum, known as the Harleian Gospels, a very beautiful little book, in neat uncial writing with many contemporary corrections. There are also some sixth-century fragments at Perugia. Later are the fine Benevento Gospels (British Museum). A South Italian MS. of St. Paul, among the MSS. bequeathed to the Vatican by Queen Christina of Sweden, must not be forgotten. The great Italian Bibles are later, such as those of Farfa, of St. Croce in Gerusalemme and of the Pantheon, being post-Alcuinian. The Monte Cassino Bibles begin only in the tenth century, but are interesting from having escaped Alcuinization to any great extent.

† He had been the legate of Pope Hormisdas to the East in 519, when the Acacian schism was healed, and all the bishops of the East had to copy and sign and send to Rome the famous "Formula of Hormisdas." We still possess in the Collectio Avellana St. Germanus's dispatches to the Pope.

‡ Now unfortunately lost except in an unfaithful Arabic translation and in the Commentary by St. Ephrem. Tatian wrote about the year 180, and made up a Life of our Lord out of the four Gospels, omitting no incident or speech. Whether St. Victor found a Latin copy or a Greek copy is not clear: Tatian had probably composed his in Syriac.



whole rewritten, carefully making the text exactly that of the Vulgate. He corrected it himself, and signed it in the margin, after all the rest of the New Testament had been added to the Diatessaron. At the end of Acts we find his handwriting:

✠ "Victor, famulus Christi, et eius gratia episcopus Capuae legi VI nonis maii, indictione nona, quinquies post consulatum Basilii viri clarissimi"—that is to say, May 2, 546.

At the end of St. James he has "legi, meum ✠," and at the end of the book, after the Apocalypse, he writes that he had read it through on April 9 of the same year, in the basilica of Constantine, and again on April 12 of the following year, 547.\*

St. Victor's codex was brought to England, and came into the possession of St. Boniface, who belonged to a monastery near Southampton. He took it with him to Germany, when he went to convert that country, and left it in the Abbey of Fulda, where it still remains. He wrote marginal notes on the Epistle of St. James in the Anglo-Irish hand of his time, so that the volume has

\* The text of the Gospels is nearest to that of the Codex Amiatinus and the Lindisfarne Gospels, though the text is, of course, cut up into little bits to make a Diatessaron. This confirms the belief that the Northumbrian text is from South Italy. St. Victor is a contemporary of Cassiodorus, and both of them probably got their Gospel text from a book which belonged to Eugippius, Abbot of the Lucullanum, now the *Castel dell' Uovo*, a little castle jutting out into the sea in the middle of Naples, where the luxurious Lucullus, the conqueror of Mithridates and friend of Cicero, had possessed a villa. Eugippius had been the companion of St. Severinus, the apostle of Pannonia (Hungary); and after that Saint's death, brought his body to Naples, and wrote his Life. He also wrote a great work of extracts from St. Augustine, using the library of a patrician lady called Proba, who was related to Cassiodorus. The latter had known Eugippius personally. We learn from a note in the Echternach Gospels, which (I have said) came from Northumbria, that they were corrected according to a copy belonging to Eugippius, which was said to have been St. Jerome's.

This probably means that the Northumbrian text is copied from the text of Cassiodorus, and that Cassiodorus had corrected his text according to the copy which Eugippius possessed and believed to have been St. Jerome's. Now Eugippius settled at the Lucullanum less than eighty years after St. Jerome's death. We seem to have an explanation why the Northumbrian-Cassiodorian text is the purest text of the Vulgate.

St. Victor presumably also borrowed Eugippius's codex. The Gospel summaries or chapter headings of the Northumbrian text are used in the summary Victor made up for his Diatessaron; there is reason for thinking that they were composed by Eugippius.

always been kept as a relic together with the book which was stained with his blood at the moment of his martyrdom. It is the oldest complete Latin New Testament in existence.

So much for the more ancient codices. A few words must next be said about editors and revisions.

H. JOHN CHAPMAN.

*(To be continued.)*

## ART. 2.—CHRISTIANITY AND THE IDEA OF PROGRESS

FOR almost two centuries the idea of Progress has dominated the mind of Europe. It has passed from the philosopher to the politician and the man in the street, and has become so much the settled creed of our whole society that any attempt to question it is viewed either as a paradox or a heresy. It is true that the years since the war have been marked, especially on the Continent, by a wave of doubt and pessimism, nevertheless the belief in Progress is still dominant, and so deeply has it entered into our mentality that we find it hard to realize how recent and how limited has been its acceptance.

Yet when we look at the history of other ages and other civilizations we find a complete absence of any such conception. To the vast majority of the human race change has always seemed evil, and the Age of Gold lies in the distant past. The familiar lines of Horace—

*Aetas parentum peior avis tulit  
nos nequiores mox daturos  
progeniem vitiosorem*

express a sentiment that is as old as humanity, and which we can hear to-day on the lips of any elderly peasant. And this attitude is not confined to the unsophisticated type, which follows unthinkingly the traditions of a primitive way of life; it is far more strongly marked in the peoples of advanced culture. The higher the achievement of a civilization, the greater is the measure of its disillusionment.

The great civilizations of the past have tended, not merely to deny Progress, but to deny life itself. To the thinkers of ancient India, sensible existence, and the whole temporal process, is a web of illusion, which man must break through if he is to escape the growing accumulation of inherited ill. And the same pessimism may be traced more than a thousand years earlier in the ancient literature of Egypt and Babylonia.

## 20 Christianity and the Idea of Progress

"Death is before me to-day," writes an Egyptian poet of the third millennium B.C., "like a sick man going forth into a garden after his illness.

"Death is before me to-day, like the smell of myrrh, like sitting in the shade of the sail of a boat on a breezy day. Death is before me to-day, like the longing of a man to see his home, after many years' captivity."

If there is any civilization other than our own in which we might expect to find the idea of Progress dominant it is surely that of ancient Greece, for the Greeks seem to have possessed all the necessary foundations for such a belief.

Nowhere else in the history of the world was the actual advance of culture more rapid and triumphant, nowhere else has man had so clear a perception of the value of life and the possibilities of social development.

Hellenism is, in fact, the source of all the subsequent achievements of our European culture. It was the great creative force in art, literature, in science and philosophy, and the rise of modern European thought, from the sixteenth century onwards, was based directly on the recovery of the Hellenic heritage. Yet in this great heritage the idea of Progress has no place. It appears, early in the eighteenth century, as a spontaneous creation of the modern mind without any obvious links with the earlier development of European thought.

Not that the Greeks ignored it altogether. There is a long passage in the fifth book of Lucretius, no doubt derived in some measure from older Hellenic sources, which describes the progress of humanity under the stimulus of the struggle for existence from the purely animal conditions of its origin up to the highest achievements of civilized life, and which almost seems to anticipate the modern doctrines of evolutionary progress. But this idea does not dominate the thought of the poet. Behind it lies the sombre pessimism of the Lucretian world-view, in which the whole life of mankind is a momentary spark kindled and extinguished in the blind rush of material forces through infinite space and time. And even this qualified recognition of progress is exceptional; elsewhere it is almost completely absent.

What is the reason of this state of things? It was not due, as with the Indians, to any inherent pessimism in the minds of the Greeks, still less to any deficiency in their knowledge. On the contrary, it sprang from the very nature of the Greek scientific ideal. Greek thought was utterly unlike the science of the modern world, which seeks to unravel the secrets of nature, one by one, by a laborious process of experimental research. It was impatient of partial solution. It aspired to comprehend the innermost nature of reality and to know the cosmic process as a whole. The Greek universe, like the Greek statue, was a perfect and harmonious unity. From the time when Pythagoras first attempted to subject the changing appearances of the external world to mathematical laws and to view it as an intelligible harmony, this conception dominated all Greek thought. It found its completest expression in the Platonic cosmology with its picture of the world as "a sensible God, who is the image of the intelligible, greatest, best, most beautiful and most perfect—the one only-begotten universe."

Now this vision of the world *sub specie aeternitatis* made it impossible to attach any ultimate importance to the changes of the temporal process. For though the earth was not itself eternal, it was modelled on an eternal pattern, and time itself "imitates eternity, and moves in a circle measured by number." For since the perfect motion of the heavenly spheres is always circular, the process of temporal change must be circular also. It is not only plants and animals that go through a cycle of growth and decay, all created things have their appointed numbers and revolutions, and the cycle of the world and of time itself is fulfilled in the perfect year, when the heavens have performed a complete revolution and the planets find themselves in the same relation to one another that they were at the beginning. Then the cosmic process begins anew and all things recur in their former order.

But the philosopher has no need to concern himself with the course of terrestrial change. It is his business to fix his attention on the intelligible forms from which the impermanent world of sense derives its existence, and to

raise himself by scientific knowledge to the contemplation of the "colourless, shapeless, intangible Reality" which abides for ever in unchanging perfection. This is the Platonic world-view, and that of Aristotle is essentially similar, in spite of the differences in his physical explanation of the universe. To him also the highest knowledge was to be found in the contemplation of the universe as a manifestation of perfect and unchanging Being. All progress is but a part of the process of generation and corruption, which is confined to the sublunary world—"the hollow of the Moon"—and which depends on the local movements of the heavenly spheres. All such change must necessarily be cyclic. "For if," he says, "the movement of heaven appears periodic and eternal, then it is necessary that the details of this movement and all the effects produced by it will also be periodic and eternal."\* Nor is this to be understood solely of material changes, for Aristotle expressly states that even the opinions of the philosophers themselves will recur in an identical form, "not once nor twice nor a few times, but to infinity."†

On such an assumption the idea of progress must, of course, lose its meaning, since every movement of advance is at the same time a movement of return. Even the succession of time becomes a purely relative conception, as Aristotle himself very clearly shows. "If it is true that the Universe has a beginning, a middle, and an end, and that that which has grown old and reached its end has thereby returned anew to its beginning, and if the earlier things are those that are nearest to the beginning, what is there to prevent our being anterior to the men who lived in the time of the Trojan war? Alcmaeon has well said that men are mortal because they cannot join their end to their beginning. If the course of events is a circle, as the circle has neither beginning nor end, we cannot be anterior to the men of Troy and they

\* *Meteora*, I, xiv. I owe these and the following quotations to P. Duhem, *Le Système du Monde*, vols. i and ii, in which the theories of Greek science regarding the Great Year are described in detail.

† *Met.*, I, iii.



cannot be anterior to us, since neither of us are nearer to the beginning."\*

Not only is this point of view irreconcilable with a belief in progress, it seems to lead inevitably to the pessimistic fatalism of Ecclesiastes.

"That which hath been is that which shall be; and that which hath been done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there a thing whereof men say, See, this is new? It hath been already, in the ages which were before us."

And the same spirit dominates the thought of the Roman Stoics, and inspires the fatalistic quietism of Marcus Aurelius. "The rational soul," he says, "traverses the whole universe and the surrounding void, and surveys its form and it extends itself into the infinity of time, and embraces and comprehends the periodical renovation of all things, and it comprehends that those who come after us will see nothing new, nor have those before us seen anything more, but in a manner he who is forty years old, if he has any understanding at all, has seen, by virtue of the uniformity that prevails, all things that have been and all that will be."† It is true that Aristotle tried to leave some room for contingency and free will, and denied the necessity of the numerical identity of mankind in the different cycles. But other thinkers were more thoroughgoing in their application of the theory. "According to the Pythagoreans," says Eudemus, "I shall be telling you the same story once more, holding the same staff in my hand, and you will be seated as you are at present, and all things will happen as before." And Stoics, like Zeno and Chrysippus, were equally uncompromising. When the cycle of the Great Year has completed its revolution, Dion will be here again, the same man in the same body, only excepting, says Chrysippus, such details as the wart upon his face! Indeed, the philosophers of the Hellenistic age went a step further, and taught that it was possible to foretell the next stage of the fated cycle

\* *Problemata*, XVII, 3.

† *M. Aurel. Anton.*, XI, 1, Long's translation. Cf. Seneca, *Ep. ad Lucilium*, 24; *De tranquillitate*, 1 and 2.



from the study of the movements of the stars. We are so accustomed to think of astrology as a popular superstition that we are apt to forget how closely it was bound up with ancient science and philosophy. The astrological fatalism of Manilius is nearer in spirit to modern scientific determinism than to popular superstition, and the Aristotelian theory that the movement of the heavens is the efficient cause of earthly change, seemed to provide a scientific basis for the most ambitious claims of the astrologers. Even the Neoplatonists, who were far less determinist than the other schools and preserved a high ideal of moral freedom and responsibility, did not deny the pre-established harmony between the events of the world below and the order of the heavens, though Plotinus conceived the stars not as causes, but as signs and ministers of the Eternal Mind.\*

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of these ideas in the history of ancient thought. They were not confined to a single age or to a single school. From the age of Pythagoras and Heracleitus down to the last days of the School of Athens under the Christian Emperors, the doctrine of the Great Year, and the recurrent cycle of cosmic change, dominated the Greek mind. Nor was it limited to Hellas. It was the common possession of all the great civilizations of the ancient world, and it is probable that the whole system springs from a common origin in Mesopotamia, where astronomy and astrology reached a high pitch of development during the Neo-Babylonian period. In addition to Babylonia, we find it in Syria and Persia and India, and even as far east as China, where it has remained current down to the present day. Indeed, the Chinese astrologers surpass the Greeks in the exactitude with which they have calculated every phase of the cosmic cycle.†

There remained, however, one people whose attitude

\* Cf. his long discussion of the subject in *Enn.*, II, iii, 7.

† The Chinese Great Year consists of twelve months or "Confluences," each of which is as long as the Great Year, which the Greeks ascribed to Heracleitas, i.e., 10,800 years. We have now reached the year 68,943 of the whole cycle, and in the following Great Month the period of the decline of Heaven and Earth will begin.

to the world was fundamentally different. To the Jews, history possessed a unique and absolute value, such as no other people of antiquity had conceived. The Eternal Law, which the Greeks saw manifested in the movement of the heavenly spheres, was embodied for the Jews in the vicissitudes of human history. While the philosophers of India and Greece were meditating on the illusoriness or the eternity of the cosmic process, the Prophets of Israel were affirming the moral government of the universe and interpreting the passing events of their age as the manifestation of a divine purpose. From the beginning the eyes of Jahweh had been fixed on this little Palestinian people, which was his chosen vehicle, and the great world empires, whose clash destroyed the independence and the very national existence of Israel, were but the instruments of this transcendent purpose. Thus all history was moving towards a great consummation, the revelation of the power and the glory of Jahweh through his servant Israel, and the eternal reign of justice in the Messianic Kingdom of God.

Here then we have a conception of history which is clearly progressive, but it is a progress which fulfils itself only through the interposition of supernatural forces, not through the natural course of human development. It is, in fact, essentially eschatological. The eschatological idea was not, of course, exclusively Jewish. It had already appeared in early Zoroastrianism. But while in Persia it became subordinated to the cyclic theory, among the Jews it was inseparably connected with the realities of national history.

It is true that the idea of the world-cycle had become so universal that the Jews could not altogether escape its influence, and we find in the later Jewish apocalyptic literature frequent references to the *æon* or world-age. But the *æon* in Jewish apocalyptic is not a cycle, it is a period or dispensation of a single, unique process.

And with the appearance of Christianity the Jewish world-view and the Jewish eschatology acquired a new and wider development. To the Christian, and above all to St. Paul, the key to world history was found in the

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Incarnation, which was viewed not merely as the realization of the Messianic hope of the Jewish people, but as the restoration of mankind and of the whole material creation. Christ is the head of this restored humanity, the firstborn of the new creation, and the life of the Church consists in the gradual incorporation of mankind into this higher unity.

Hence, in spite of the Christian opposition between "this world" and "the world to come," there could be no tampering with the reality and uniqueness of the historical process. The irreconcilability of Christianity with the dominant theory of cosmic cycles is obvious, and was stated uncompromisingly by the early Fathers. If we accept that theory, says Origen, "then Adam and Eve will do in a second world exactly as they have done in this; the same deluge will be repeated; the same Moses will bring the same people out of Egypt, Judas will a second time betray his lord, and again Paul will keep the garments of those who will stone Stephen."\*

And it was on this very ground that the Church had to fight its earliest battles, for Gnosticism was essentially an attempt to combine the belief in spiritual redemption with the theory of world-æons and of the illusory nature of earthly change, and consequently the whole anti-Gnostic apologia of St Irenæus is directed to the defence of the value and reality of the historical development. "Since men are real, theirs must be a real establishment. They do not vanish into non-existence, but progress among existent things." "There is one Son who performs the Father's will, and one human race in which the myteries of God are realized" (*Iren. adv. Her.*, V, 36, 1).† "God arranged everything from the first with a view to the perfection of man, in order to edify him and reveal His own dispensations, so that goodness may be made manifest, justice made perfect, and the Church may be fashioned after the image of His Son. Thus man may eventually reach maturity, and being ripened by such privileges, may see and comprehend God" (IV, 37, 7).

\* *Peri archon*, lib. II, ch. iii, 4-5. Cf. St Aug., *De Civ. Dei*, XII, 13.

† Tr. F. M. Hitchcock.

This strong emphasis on what Bousset calls the *Evolutionsgedanke* in Irenæus, was carried by Tertullian beyond the bounds of orthodoxy, since it led him to deny the final character of the Christian revelation. "There is growth," he says, "in everything. We see it in nature with the quickening of the seed, the growth of the plant, and the ripening of the fruit, and so also it is in the spiritual world, for it is the same God that works in both. The development of humanity begins with the fear of God; the Jewish dispensation is the age of childhood, with the Gospel it bursts forth into youth, and finally maturity comes with the Age of the Spirit, who is henceforth the sole master of humanity" (*de Virgin*, I).

This evolutionary millennialism with its scheme of the three Ages of Humanity was destined to have a long career in the history of human thought, and it even contributed directly, as we shall see, to the formation of the modern idea of Progress. But the conception of Progress was equally present in orthodox thought and found its fullest expression in the writings of St Augustine. His *City of God* is the first attempt to write a Christian philosophy of history, and its influence has dominated the thought of Western Christendom ever since.

He views the whole course of history as the result of the development and conflict of two societies—the City of God, animated by divine charity, and the city of This World, based upon materialism and self-love—both growing together until the final consummation, in which the City of God will be established for ever. Thus out of the evil and disorder of human history an ultimate harmony is being evolved, for "God is the unchangeable governor, as he is the unchangeable Creator of all mutable things, ordering all events in His Providence, until the beauty of the completed course of time, the component parts of which are the dispensations adapted to each successive age, shall be finished, like the perfect melody of a great musician" (*Ep. to Marcellinus*, 138).

But this ultimate optimism and belief in spiritual progress is combined with a definitely pessimistic attitude towards the present world. To some extent this is due to

the circumstances of the age to the decline of the Roman Empire and the belief in the approaching end of the world. But it has a deeper cause in that "otherworldliness" which is an essential part of the Christian attitude to life. Men have here no continuing city. They are strangers and pilgrims on the earth. Their true home is in heaven. The progress of material civilization is not an absolute end. Indeed, in so far as it distracts men's minds from their true goal, it may be positively harmful.

Thus the idea of Progress was absent from the Christian Middle Ages, no less than from pagan antiquity. It only began to make its appearance with the growing secularization of European culture that took place after the Renaissance. Nevertheless, it was not a new original creation, like modern science or Renaissance art. It arose spontaneously from the survival of the Christian ethical and teleological view of human development in a secularized environment: it was the natural faith of a society which had inherited the tradition of Christian thought, but had lost its belief in the Christian revelation.

For a civilization cannot strip itself of its past in the same way that a philosopher discards a theory. The religion that has governed the life of a people for a thousand years enters into its very being, and moulds all its thought and feeling. When the philosophers of the eighteenth century attempted to substitute their new rationalist doctrines for the ancient faith of Christendom, they were in reality simply abstracting from it those elements which had entered so deeply into their own thought that they no longer recognized their origin. Eighteenth-century Deism was but the ghost or shadow of Christianity, a mental abstraction from the reality of a historical religion, which possesses no independent life of its own. It retained certain fundamental Christian conceptions—the belief in a beneficent Creator, the idea of an overruling Providence which ordered all things for the best, and the chief precepts of the Christian moral law, but all these were desupernaturalized and fitted into the utilitarian rational scheme of contemporary philosophy. Thus the



moral law was divested of all ascetic and otherworldly elements and assimilated to practical philanthropy, and the order of Providence was transformed into a mechanistic natural law. Above all this was the case with the idea of Progress, for while the new philosophy had no place for the supernaturalism of the Christian eschatology, it could not divest itself of the Christian teleological conception of life. Thus the belief in the moral perfectibility and the indefinite progress of the human race took the place of the Christian faith in the life of the world to come as the final goal of human effort. This idea lies at the root of the whole philosophic movement, and it was fully formulated long before the days of the Encyclopædist propaganda. And it is quite in accordance with what I have said regarding the origins of this circle of ideas, that its author should have been a priest—the first of that long line of sceptical and reforming clerics, such as Mably, Condillac, Morelly, Raynal, and Sieyès, who were so characteristic of the Age of Enlightenment.

The Abbé de St Pierre was a prophet who received little honour in his own country. He had the reputation of a crank and a bore. It was for his statue that Voltaire wrote the lines:

ce n'est là qu'un portrait.  
L'original dirait quelque sottise.

Yet his fertile brain originated most of the projects that were to be realized or attempted by the liberals of the next two centuries—international arbitration and the abolition of war, free education and the reform of female education, the establishment of a poor rate and the abolition of pauperism, not to mention other inventions peculiar to himself such as the social utilization of sermons. But underlying all this was his fundamental doctrine of the "perpetual and unlimited augmentation of the universal human reason," which will inevitably produce the golden age and the establishment of paradise on earth. Nor would this happy consummation be long delayed. All that was necessary was the conversion of the powers that be to the Abbe's principles, for St Pierre shared the



beliefs of his age as to the unlimited possibilities of governmental action.

And this doctrine became the ruling conception of the new age, for while the God of the Deists was but a pale abstraction, a mere *deus ex machina*, the belief in Progress was an ideal capable of stirring men's emotions and arousing a genuine religious enthusiasm. Nor was it limited to the followers of the French philosophic rationalism. It played an equally important part in the formation of German idealism and English utilitarian Liberalism. In England, its derivation from theological presuppositions is particularly clear. Its chief exponents, Price and Priestley, were Nonconformist ministers, and the earlier theorists of progress in Great Britain, Turnbull and, above all, David Hartley, rested their whole argument on a theological basis. The turbid flood of English Puritanism had spread in the eighteenth century into the wide and shallow waters of Liberal Protestantism, and the visionary millennialist ideas of the earlier period had been transformed into a rational enthusiasm for moral and material progress. Even the economic doctrines of Adam Smith rest on a foundation of religious optimism, which remained a characteristic feature of later British Liberalism.

At first sight the contemporary movement in France is the diametrical opposite of this, since it was marked by a bitter hostility to Christianity. But we must not be misled by the anti-religious diatribes of the French philosophers. Real scepticism is usually tolerant, and the intolerance and iconoclasm of the eighteenth-century philosophers, like that of the sixteenth-century Reformers, was the fanaticism of the sectaries of a new gospel. The French Enlightenment was, in fact, the last of the great European heresies, and its appeal to Reason was in itself an act of faith which admitted of no criticism. Even materialists like Helvetius and Holbach shared the Deist belief in the transcendence of Reason and the inevitability of intellectual and moral progress, though there was nothing in their premisses to warrant such assumptions.

Moreover, the movement of philosophic rationalism was only one side of the French eighteenth-century development. No less important was the social idealism of Rousseau, which was far more pronouncedly religious in spirit. Rousseau was at once a revolutionary and a reactionary of the type of Tolstoi. He turned away from modern civilization and the creed of scientific progress towards the simplicity of an idealized state of nature, and though he believed no less intensely than Diderot or Condorcet in the perfectibility of man and society, he looked for its realization, not to Reason and external organization, but to the inner light of conscience and to obedience to the eternal laws of nature that are written in the human heart.

At first sight, it would seem that this pessimism and "otherworldliness" leaves little room for any belief in Progress, but Rousseau's appeal to the inherent rights of man and his belief in the possibility of an abrupt reconstitution of absolute principles aroused the enthusiasm of the men of his age and became the inspiration of the whole European revolutionary movement. If the earlier philosophic doctrine of Progress, with its dogmatic appeal to the authority of Reason and its reliance on an enlightened despotism, represents the secularization of the orthodox Christian view of life, the revolutionary idealism of Rousseau has an even closer affinity with the apocalyptic hopes of the earlier milleniarists and Anabaptists. Indeed, it is often difficult to distinguish the descriptions of the social millennium of the revolutionaries from those of the religious apocalyptic. "In that blessed day," writes Godwin, the leading English representative of revolutionary idealism, "there will be no war, no crimes, no administration of justice, as it is called, and no government. Besides this, there will be neither disease, anguish, melancholy, nor resentment. Every man will seek with ineffable ardour the good of all. Mind will be active and eager, and yet never disappointed."\*

So, too, Godwin's son-in-law and disciple, Shelley, in spite of his worship of Hellenic antiquity, unconsciously

\* W. Godwin, *Inquiry concerning Political Justice*, II, 528.

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derived his ideals from the religious tradition which he so bitterly attacked. What could be more Christian than the whole idea of *Prometheus Unbound*, the salvation of humanity by the suffering and love of an innocent victim? And in the same way, too, Shelley's ideal of liberty is utterly foreign to the tradition of Hellenism. It is nothing less than "the glorious liberty of the children of God," for which the whole creation groans, and the effects of which overflow from humanity to the external world, and transform the whole order of nature.

This milleniarist conception of Progress is specially characteristic of the early Socialists. It reaches its climax in Fourier, whose speculations surpass in extravagance the wildest dreams of Cerinthus and his followers. For according to Fourier all the present evils of the material world are bound up with our defective social arrangements. Nature is bad because man is bad. As soon as the new social order of the Fourierist gospel is introduced the earth will be transformed. The waters of the ocean will change to lemonade, and the useless and ugly marine monsters, which are the images of our own passions, will be replaced by useful and agreeable creatures. Human life will be extended to three or four centuries, and there will be 37,000,000 poets equal to Homer, and 37,000,000 philosophers like Newton.

In comparison with Fourier, Robert Owen and the St Simonians appear mere cautious rationalists, but nevertheless milleniarist ideals colour all their thoughts and were transmitted by them to the later political Socialism. The driving force of the Socialist movement, in fact, has always been its belief in a social apocalypse.

Karl Marx shared this belief with the Utopian Socialists, whom he criticized. He rationalized it by his scientific materialism, but he did not remove it. The main difference between the two conceptions lies in the fact that Marx, who inherited the Jewish religious attitude, looked for its realization to the inevitable working of eternal laws outside human control, whereas St Simon and Fourier, who were Christians at least by historical tradition, based their hopes on the conversion of the

individual will and the moral perfectionment of humanity.

But while the origin of Socialism is primarily due to the economic interpretation of the revolutionary idealism of Rousseau, it also owed much to the influence of German thought. Now in Germany the theory of Progress had developed on different lines to those that it followed in France, its original home. The German philosophers did not share the open hostility to Christianity that marked the French Enlightenment; indeed, some of them were deeply influenced by the mystical ideas of German Pietism. Moreover, they had a much wider and deeper appreciation of history than their French predecessors. Instead of emphasizing the contradiction between the Age of Reason and the Age of Faith, they brought Christianity and historical religion into their scheme of progress. Thus Lessing in his famous booklet "on the Education of the Human Race" bases his philosophy of history on a progressive religious revelation, which he assimilates to the doctrine of Tertullian and Joachim of Flora concerning the three world ages of the Christian dispensation.

The Third Age of the Reign of the Spirit and the Eternal Gospel was conceived by Lessing as the Age of Reason and of the self-realization of humanity, but it was the fulfilment, not the contradiction, of the Christian revelation.

The influence of Lessing's theory was extraordinarily deep and far-reaching. It lies at the root of the development of Liberal or Modernist Protestantism in Germany, it affected the St Simonian Socialists in France,\* and even Comte's famous Law of the Three Stages was probably influenced by it. Above all, it was adopted with enthusiasm by all the great German idealist philosophers, each of whom interpreted it according to the requirements of his own system. Schelling conceives the Third Age in the spirit of the Abbot Joachim himself, as the restoration of all things in Christ. "We know not when that age

\* *The Education of the Human Race* was translated by E. Rodriguez, the St Simonian, when Comte was still a member of the group.

will be," he says, "but when it will be, God will be." To Hegel, on the other hand, political history is the progressive revelation of God, and it is in the modern Prussian State that the Eternal Spirit attains its final realization.

But Hegel already stands at the parting of the ways. On the one hand, he is in contact with the mysticism of Schelling; on the other, with the historical materialism of Marx. In the earlier idealist movement the dependence on the Christian tradition is open and admitted, and consequently throughout the earlier part of the nineteenth century, alike in Germany and France, with St Simon and Comte, and Buchez and Leroux, as well as with Schelling and Schlegel, there is a tendency to emphasize the importance of religion, and to base the doctrine of Progress on a religious foundation. But from the middle of the century the intellectual atmosphere of Europe changes. There is a sharp reaction against the romantic idealism of the previous period, and at the same time a renewal of the eighteenth-century criticism of religion. This owed something to political disillusionment, and the failure of the revolutionary programme on the Continent, but it was due, above all, to the advance of science, and a more thorough-going application of the new scientific principles to the facts of human development.

The eighteenth-century philosophers, even when they were materialists, consciously placed man in a category above and apart from the rest of nature, and hypostatized human reason into a principle of world development. But the new evolutionary theory of the Origin of Species put man back into Nature, and ascribed his development to the mechanical operation of the same blind forces which ruled the material world. The eighteenth-century doctrine of Progress was, as we have seen, essentially Deist in origin, and depended on the belief in an overruling Providence. The new scientific outlook, on the other hand, eliminated all teleological conceptions. Science had no need of such an hypothesis, as Laplace said to Napoleon. The earlier theory of Evolution as formulated by Lamarck, who was a disciple of Condorcet, and founded on theological presuppositions, was dominated by the



optimist doctrine of Progress. Darwinism, however, arose under the influence of the objective and pessimistic views of Malthus. The theory of Natural Selection and the survival of the fittest was the Malthusian doctrine of the pressure of population upon food supply elevated to a cosmic law. It was a law of Progress, but a non-ethical progress in which suffering and death played a larger part than foresight or co-operation. In Darwin's words, "From the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object that we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows."

This view of evolution has been considerably modified by the post-Darwinian biologists, but in his own age it was the central doctrine of the new science. It was accepted by Darwin himself in a spirit of religious faith—the "O Altitudo" of the mystic, but to his rationalist followers it was profoundly disquieting, since it suggested an opposition not between Religion and Science, but between the law of human Progress and the law of natural development. Man with his high ethical ideals was the product and plaything of a "Nature red in tooth and claw." "Social Progress," says Huxley, "means the checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another, which may be called ethical progress." But if this is so, how can man's puny efforts avail against the eternal course of nature? We are led inevitably to the defiant pessimism which Mr. Bertrand Russell has expressed so eloquently in one of his essays: "Brief and powerless is man's life; on him and all his race the slow sure doom falls, pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, to-morrow himself to pass through the gates of darkness, it remains only to cherish ere yet the blow falls the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; disclaiming the coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly defiant



of the irresistible forces that tolerate for a moment his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power."\*

This is, after all, but the last effort of an expiring romanticism. If man has nothing else left, let him at least keep his heroic attitude. *Vive le panache!* But it is a poor substitute for the dogmatic certitude of the old belief in Progress, for Condorcet's vision of "mankind marching with a firm tread on the road of truth, virtue and happiness," with no limit to its hopes and no fear of disillusionment. So long as science was the servant of the optimistic Deist creed, it was itself optimistic; but as soon as science came into its kingdom, its optimism began to disappear. Nor was this solely due to the influence of the Darwinian version of the Evolutionary Theory; it lies in the very nature of the materialistic world-view. When once we abandon the theological doctrine of Creation, which is common both to orthodox Christianity and to the philosophic Deism, which is derived from it, we are left with an eternal cosmic process, which does not admit of ultimate and absolute progress. The development of our planet is but a momentary result of material laws, which working in infinite time and space must repeat themselves endlessly, and so we are brought back to the cyclic theory of the Return of All Things, and once more we shall say with Lucretius

eadem sunt omnia semper.

It is true that this belief no longer has the same scientific justification that is possessed for the Hellenic cosmologists. Indeed, it is not easy to reconcile their fundamental doctrine of the eternity of the universe with the principles of the modern science of thermodynamics, as established by Carnot and interpreted by Lord Kelvin.

The law of the Degradation of Energy suggests, as Kelvin pointed out, that the universe is slowly but inevitably travelling towards eternal death, since the energy

\* B. Russell, "A Free Man's Worship" in *Mysticism and Logic*, p. 56.

that has once been dissipated or rendered inactive can never be reconstituted. The clock of nature is gradually running down, and so far as our knowledge goes, there is no natural process by which it can ever be wound up again. Thus the cosmic process is apparently not circular, as the Greeks believed, but moves in a single irreversible direction. It has a beginning, and must ultimately have an end, though in the intervening period there is room for an uncounted number of worlds and cycles. Change is not mere illusion, it is the ultimate reality of the physical universe.

Nevertheless, the idea of an absolute beginning or end is so repugnant to anyone who does not accept a theistic or non-mechanical world view, that it has never been fully assimilated by the modern scientific mind. From Herbert Spencer and Haeckel to Arrhenius and Becquerel there has been a whole series of attempts to provide new scientific justification for the mechanistic theory of an eternal recurrence; and though none of these has yet been successful, there is no reason to think that the cyclical theory has been finally abandoned.

However, the discussion of these problems has been confined to the scientific world, and has hitherto had no influence worth recording on the development of the doctrine of Progress.

Indeed, during the later nineteenth century the belief in progress became more widespread than ever before. But it was ceasing to be a philosophic doctrine, and had become an idol of the market-place. It now rested on the self-confidence of a prosperous society, which justified its high hopes for the future by the growth in wealth and population that had been actually realized. Our civilization was the only civilization, and its endurance and progress were unquestioned.

But this facile optimism has received a rude shock since the European War. The permanence of the European industrial scientific order is no longer unchallenged. We have witnessed the passing of the economic hegemony from Europe to America, the Russian revolution, and the reaction of the Oriental civilizations against the supremacy

of the West. Above all, we have seen in Europe itself the decay of the liberal tradition which was not merely responsible for the English Victorian compromise, but which has dominated the main current of European culture since the eighteenth century. Liberalism, with its optimistic faith in Progress and Enlightenment, is giving place either to Socialism or to a national dictatorship resting upon force. And even Socialism itself is losing its visionary hopes. The Communist Utopia has gone the way of the Utopia of the Jacobins, and the Socialism of the near future will be a realist Socialism, which will concern itself with the practical task of keeping the population clothed and fed, rather than with schemes for the perfecting of humanity.

In so far, therefore, as the creed of Progress rested on a belief in the growing material prosperity and security of our civilizations, its foundations are already shaken, and we are growing accustomed to the idea that our civilization is but one civilization among many, with no greater claim to permanence than those of past ages. On the Continent the application of the cyclic theory to the phenomena of cultural change has attained almost as great a popularity as the old theory of indefinite progress.

And as we have seen, the outlook of modern science affords no surer foundation for the theory.

The day of the Deist and liberal compromise is over, and we have come to the parting of the ways. Either the belief in Progress will be finally abandoned in favour of the old philosophy of eternal changeless change, or the European culture must return consciously to the Christian tradition from which it has sprung. The modern world has not lost the need for religion. The value and, indeed, the necessity of a religious interpretation of life is felt more strongly than ever, and science no longer attempts, as in the previous period, to deny its legitimacy. But the religious impulse must express itself consciously through religious channels, and not seek a furtive illegitimate expression in scientific or political theories to the detriment alike of religion and of science. The Judæo-Christian world-view, and that

alone, justifies a reasonable faith in human progress and in the unique value of human experience, but it must be recognized that this faith rests on religious foundations, and that it cannot be severed from historical religion and used as a substitute for it, as it has been during the last two centuries.

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON.

### ART. 3.—BAROQUE ART

Impossibility of revival whether Gothic or Classic—Italy's mistake and reawakening in the Baroque—The old spirit with new forms—Present-day interest—A summing up of the Baroque: its joy, immensity, harmony between building and environment, picturesqueness, suggestion of movement, symbolism, colour—Failures—The interior a hall of light, but value of deep shadow appreciated—Church furniture—Sculpture—Painting—The spirit of Baroque out of harmony with our age—Hope for the future.

**D**URING the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, many beautiful buildings were destroyed, and many more were marred. The Romanesque and the Gothic were held in general contempt, as barbarous and uncouth. In the nineteenth century, we meet with a Gothic revival, quite as intemperate, and again an orgy of destruction and maiming. We may say for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, not only that they were splendidly confident in their powers of artistic judgement, but that they possessed creative powers of a remarkable kind; while we can only say of the nineteenth century that it awakened, in an infantile way, to glories long dead, and attempted to galvanize into life that which it should only have studied reverently, admired, and preserved. The phrase "Gothic Revival" brings to mind much horrible "restoration," and the vast number of sham Gothic buildings, raised at immense cost, which cumber, and must long cumber, the face of the civilized world. Occasionally a clever man, like Augustus Welby Pugin, a burning lover of the Gothic, with a genius for imitation, and infinite patience, could produce a building which might deceive, were it possible, even the most critical; occasionally an architect of genius has played upon an old theme, allowing his imagination some scope, and has produced something original and interesting—even beautiful, and possibly enduring; but these exceptions only make the mass of false endeavour the more pathetic and deplorable.

While the Gothic was alive, it was fluid—everything that lives must grow, and change, or fade—everything, except the Eternal. In our own country we have marked its developments into periods and have given them

names: the Decorated succeeded, after intermediate steps, the Early English, and the Perpendicular, after experiments, the Decorated. Those developments, though occasionally jerky, as in the instance of the premature birth of the Perpendicular in the great east window at Gloucester, may be called continuous. The Reformation brought an interruption, which must be called death.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century Italy had fallen into exactly the same kind of mistake as did the Gothic revivalists, but she had done it much more splendidly. Her genius had made of the early Renaissance something wonderful: her art retained, during that period, a remarkable individuality, a great measure of her former religious spirit. Gradually, however, she began to sink deeper and deeper into formalism and mere revival, her spirit paganized, her genius to some extent in chains. In love with a dead past, she attempted to relive it. It was an interruption and a mistake. In speaking of art, it is very difficult to speak consistently. Art does not obey rules; it spurts up unexpectedly and does strange things. Italian art is more elusive, perhaps, than that of any other European country. Individual genius, too, is an astonishing thing; and one has not long to wait for Italian genius. In daring to say that Raffael, in spite of his constant amazing genius, allowed himself to become, in a measure, the slave of style and composition, to lose his Christian soul in pagan ideals, one is sharply pulled up by the Sistine Madonna, now in the Dresden Gallery. I can only affirm that genius is outside rule, that it does the unexpected, that Raffael could be guilty of splendid inconsistencies, and that he leapt up and forward, in painting this particular picture, to a new awakening: the Baroque. There is mystery again; there is spontaneity; there is a great and overmastering faith. A revival and an interruption could not kill, in so great an artist, the true and living spirit, which must go forward and not back.

Into a world of considerable servile revival, of correct composition, of rule, and of remarkable cleverness, burst that supreme genius Michelangelo. He was the kind



of artist who could breathe life, were it possible, into a dead and gone style. He was, however, just himself: a giant and a creator. There is nothing in the world, made by the hand and mind of man, more beautiful than the painted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel: it is almost superhuman. Incidentally, he solved for the religious conscience the problem of the nude: the nudity of his figures is never nakedness. I do not mean that, in the fervour of reformed morals, it did not presently frighten. The painting of draperies into the Last Judgement, in the same Sistine Chapel, shows that it did. Michelangelo did not protest. The ceiling was left untouched. Michelangelo was the father of the Baroque. I am not saying that he alone created this new spirit, which clothed itself in an art. It was not really a creation; it certainly was not a revival; it was an awakening. The awakened spirit was pushing itself into the world: it would out, here, there, and everywhere. I have called it a new spirit: better should I call it the true spirit. The Council of Trent had assembled; Teresa of Avila was born into the world and lived her superhuman life. There was a galaxy of saints shining at about the same time: John of the Cross, Philip Neri, Francis of Sales, Ignatius Loyola, Vincent of Paul, and others. Sanctity became almost common. Some religious orders were born; others were reformed. It was a time of religious awakening and high attainment. Palestrina made the new spirit first audible in music. Baroque art clothed it in form.

If, as Mr. Hilaire Belloc has said, the Reformation was "the most important incident in the history of our race since the Incarnation," the Catholic awakening, in the sixteenth century and later, was certainly one of the most glittering chapters in the Church's history. Art is an extremely delicate and sensitive thing. The art of every age must express the spirit of that age. The state of a country's culture must change before its art can express that change. From the art of a reawakened Catholicism we naturally expect great things. Baroque art should not disappoint us.

There are subtleties of division and subdivision, into

which I do not intend to enter: people talk of a Classic-Baroque, sometimes, and of a Gothic-Baroque. Different countries expressed the new spirit somewhat differently, as they were impelled to do by national character or the then state of their national artistic heritage. Every individual genius made his own personality felt. I shall speak widely of this new mode of expression, which was a new and living force, growing, becoming over-confident, perhaps; dancing and singing its way, at last, into the Rococo. Michelangelo I have called its father; I will call its youngest son Tiepolo—Tiepolo, the exquisite painter of ceilings and walls, the master of lovely colour. The great, living, fluid art, which made itself felt, in varying degree, throughout the civilized world, from Michelangelo to Tiepolo, has the generally-accepted name Baroque. That name, like the name Gothic, has, very generally, been used in contempt. Your dictionary will probably tell you that it is something whimsical and bizarre. It may also tell you that it is something not quite round, as certain pearls are shaped, and so may convey an idea of beauty, for irregular pearls are beautiful. The curves, so much affected by architects of the period, no doubt account for the name.

The understanding and appreciation of the Baroque are going on apace now. The student's respect increases almost hourly. That is the general experience of him who studies this art. He very likely begins with a prejudice, aroused possibly by John Ruskin, or some other, equally intolerant; but he ends in admiration. If the understanding and appreciation are not increasing very rapidly in England, where the Baroque never took strong hold, certainly they are in Italy and in southern Germany. Art in England is still, for the great majority, a matter of "dancing dogs and the finishing governess"—a recreation, not to be taken too seriously. It is worthy of note, however, that the Baroque spirit did take a hold on our literature. Cowley, George Herbert, Vaughan, and above all Donne and Crashaw, are imbued with it, as, indeed, is the entire metaphysical school of poetry. Samuel Johnson, in his *Lives of the English*

*Poets*, says of this school: "They were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising." "Their wish was only to say what they hoped had been never said before." They "produced combinations of confused magnificence that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined." How similar are the criticisms of other enemies of the Baroque, who are surprised, almost impressed, but who are contemptuous, because they do not understand! In architecture, Sir Christopher Wren was touched by the Baroque spirit, but was not gripped by it. El Greco has been deeply appreciated of late, and has been called, here as elsewhere, the father of modern Expressionism; and El Greco was intensely imbued with the Baroque spirit, more particularly with its mysticism. The general appreciation began with the Impressionists, who saw the picturesqueness of Baroque interiors, and who loved to paint them. There is, in Europe at any rate, a Baroque revival. Let us hope that it will be a revival of reverence and study, and that the fatal mistake of imitation will not, in this case, be made. The copy of the Gothic nearly always results in something quite dead and as if machine-made; the copy of the Baroque would be even more depressing, for its spirit is even more elusive, even more of its time.

Let me try to sum up, in a word, the Baroque spirit: it is a spirit of melody, of joyous festivity; it is, in so far as it is a religious art, the Church's Easter alleluia, materialized. The Gothic had been a lifting up to the transcendental, a climbing skywards, a longing. The Baroque is a realization, and its motto is: "God with us." It is not, indeed, helpful to compare styles. The very word is a vile one. Chartres Cathedral may stand for ever pre-eminent; but it does not occupy the only height. We do not compare the eagle and the lark. Why should we? Yet both are birds. Indeed, the theory that the Gothic spirit, rudely interrupted and contemned, reawoke with new forms in the Baroque is probably the true one. The Flamboyant sang almost as joyously; in England, the late Perpendicular made of the church a hall of light and colour.

In trying to grasp the expressive material characteristics of the new architecture, situation and environment must I think be mentioned first, heavily restricted though they often were by circumstances. The Middle Ages had planted their castles on high; the Baroque architects delighted in dropping their churches on hills, whence they might joyously and melodiously call the faithful. One thinks of Melk, in Austria, the great church and monastery growing out of their rock and overhanging the Danube; of the church of the Madonna di San Luca, outside Bologna; of Maria Plain, overlooking Salzburg; of Vierzehnheiligen; of innumerable other instances. The religious awakening was intense; in the then Austria alone ninety-five churches of pilgrimage came into existence between 1618 and 1757. Bigness the architects loved, too, and they strove to express, not without success, the pre-eminence of the Church and the absolutism of the kings of their hour. High officials of the Church and Princes of the world were the great builders and patrons of art, and their power, spiritual or temporal, must find expression. Even a small building could be given an atmosphere of greatness.

Coupled with immensity was the desire for harmony between building and environment—more than harmony, a merging. The Baroque architects strove to make a picture and a symbol; they thought of different points of view, from every point a picture. The colonnade of St. Peter's, in Rome, suggests, in its vast curve, the Church encircling the world; it is also a fore-court of the great basilica—almost a part of it. The Palace of Versailles is not only the essential abode of an absolute monarch; its open spaces emphasize the building, its pools of water mirror it, and its gardens are a part of the general design. The Escorial is not only enormous, and as if hewn out of solid granite; its vast stoniness suits the seemingly limitless, barren, rock-strewn plain on which it stands. There is Michelangelo's plan of the Capitol, never completely realized, an elaborate pattern; there is the glorious cathedral of Santiago de Compostela. There is a plan of the whole town of Karlsruhe, dated 1715, a

circle cut into patterns. In the Italian villas, building and garden were given an organic unity: the house is the centre; the garden leads up to it, on the one hand, and gradually becomes a wilderness on the other. The Villa d' Este, at Tivoli, is a good example. The plan of the great monastery at Weingarten is on so gigantic a scale, that the building could never be completed: the greatness and grandiosity of Baroque plans often climbed to the impossible. Weingarten was the last and most perfect step in the monastic architecture of the German Baroque. The plan, alone, is something delightful: plans of the Baroque period are often that. The church is in the middle, vast and crowned with a cupola; the monastery frames it in a huge square; the cloisters, in delicate and lovely curves, like those of some shell, surround the whole. What strength and greatness, coupled with delicacy! The combination is rare and a joy to find. It expresses the ideal of religious life.

Mr. Aldous Huxley says, in one of his books: "The Baroque artists of the seventeenth century were interested above everything in the new, the startling, the astonishing; they strained after impossible grandeurs, unheard-of violences." How like Johnson's criticism of the metaphysical poets! He is almost right, but not quite: he does not understand the impelling spirit, which drove them; perhaps he would not like it if he did. Certainly their strivings were almost superhuman. They wanted, for instance, to express movement, as Titian had done so successfully, in anticipation, in his great Assumption, now in the Frari at Venice; they wanted to express an exalted ecstasy. They made use of curves, this way and that; they piled up strange towers and cupolas, crowned with every conceivable and curious cap. Think again of Melk, which looks as if it had grown out of the rock on which it stands, as strange trees and plants grow out of rocks; or as if it had never grown at all, but had been there always. Strange are its towers and cupola—almost as strange as are the seed-pods of some plants, or the flowers themselves, which Mother Nature made. It is Expressionism: stone and metal hewn and wrung and



twisted to fantastic shapes, that they may express flights of imagination and exaltation of soul. The façade of many churches, with its inevitable scroll-work to soften edges, climbs from the sides to the middle, where is the centre of interest. The cupola is one of the governing elements, and it is often accompanied by two subordinate towers. There is hardly an end to the varieties of tower, tower-crowning, and cupola: it is astonishing, but never wearying. Borromini, in building the church of St. Ivo, in Rome, finished his crowning in a spiral; though, as he never repeated the experiment, we may judge that it left him unsatisfied. There is one other spiral, finishing the tower of S. Gregorio, at Messina, the work of Guarini. Experimental and daring were those artists, in a high degree. The towers of S. Johann am Felsen, at Prague, are not placed square with the façade; they form with it obtuse angles. But it is in Spain that the triumph of triumphs is achieved. At Santiago, the whole west front of the cathedral actually seems to have attained "impossible grandeur": it is as if not made with hands. It is a triumphant melody. The cathedral tower at Seville, called "La Giralda," Moorish for more than half its height, climbs and finishes in the Baroque, so beautifully, that the whole is one harmonious splendour, and again an impossible grandeur. The tower of Santa Catalina, in Valencia, is fantastic and beautiful, too. The Spanish custom of hanging bells so that they are visible adds to the musical spirit of her amazing towers. The outside of the church was meant to call the faithful, like the pealing of bells. The Gothic towers of Munich Cathedral have their extremely characteristic Baroque caps, covered with copper, which time and weather have shaded in tones of green. I do not think that any serious artist could wish them changed to spires, and the ordinary lover of that lovely and homely city finds them a part of it, almost sacred, which he could not, on any account, spare. The art which can vary its theme widely stands in its zenith.

The parish churches, for the most part small, dotted all over Upper Bavaria, have the strangest assortment of caps upon their towers. The commonest type is rather



like a turnip, upside down, covered in metal. These churches, not the work of great architects, are often whitewashed and are sometimes frescoed. The original colour, used on the outside, has, of course, gone, and restored frescoes, like everything else restored when an art is dead, are hard and unsuccessful. To English eyes, accustomed to towers severe and grey, Bavaria's churches may at first appear amusing; but familiarity reveals their picturesqueness and their suitability to their surroundings. Picturesque and a part of the landscape—that is exactly what they were meant to be. The Baroque artist candidly sought picturesqueness. There is much to be said for whitewash. The queer little churches of North Wales were once whitewashed all over, including the roof. Our hideous modern towns would be much less dreadful were the houses whitened or pale-coloured. But the favourite wash with the Baroque artist, in Central Europe, was of a deep ivory colour. You find a big church and monastery, like those of Andechs, near Munich, standing on a hill, like old ivory, roofed in brown, against blue mountains. There can be mystery in clarity and dazzling whiteness, just as much as in greyness and gloom.

As they so often chose heights for their churches, so those artists realized the value of flights of steps. They bent them hither and thither in a new way. The Church of the Madonna di San Luca, on its hill outside Bologna, is approached by a splendid and impressive stairway—one of the most magnificent flights in the world. There is a series of climbing arcades, consisting of 666 arches, with numerous chapels. This and other churches of pilgrimage have, embodied in steps, the idea of penitential climbing, and their stairways are symbolic.

The Baroque interior must be flooded with light: the lighter it is the better. I do not mean that the intense value of shadow was neglected. The more light, the deeper shadow, where it is desired. In the Treppenhause, at Würzburg, there are contrasts of darkness and light, used more skilfully and remarkably, perhaps, than ever before or since. In the brilliance of Spanish sunshine,

the façades of Baroque churches, like the Cathedrals of Granada and Murcia, give an impression of black and white. There is a passion for curves, inside as well as out. The diagonal is used only to emphasize them. There is a suggestion of movement and a sweeping upward. The stucco ornament frequently melts into the painted ceiling, so that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins. The building is carried far beyond its real height. You are lifted into clouds and heavenly visions. It is irrational, but it is meant to be a protest against unaided reason. The Baroque spirit will have nothing to do with rationalism. It has been said by Bishop Kepler that the style does not really fail in principles, but that we fail to grasp their super-rational greatness; it eludes us. The artists were drowned in feeling for the overwhelming and the incomprehensible. It is little to be wondered at that they sometimes failed; their so frequent triumph is the marvel. If movement sometimes becomes a snake-like wriggling, we need not condemn everything. If restlessness comes of exaggerated movement, it is only a failure amid many successes. If some artists are sensual, we need hardly wonder: the word "love" has well been called a maid of all work, and if mystics borrow the language of earthly love, in describing what is heavenly, how easily may the artist, who has not the same spiritual gifts, take them too literally! Certain artists allowed themselves to be popular and condescended to the common love for sweetness and softness. Carlo Dolci, Guido Reni, Sassoferrato sinned in that way. But Baroque art was certainly in its measure propagandist. It fought on the side of the Counter-Reformation, and may have fought at times ignobly and short-sightedly. The splendour of Baroque churches was undoubtedly meant to draw. How far to condescend, how far to be popular: that is an eternal question. Carlo Dolci, Guido Reni, Sassoferrato, at their worst, rise to the heavens beside the popular ecclesiastical "art" of the nineteenth century. The Gothic sinned greatly in the direction of popularity: it occasionally became obscene. We smile indulgently, in our century of indulgent smiling, at the

coarse joke, carved so cunningly in wood or stone: but obscene it remains. El Greco is entirely devoid of sensuality and all other vulgar sins; he is the painter, *par excellence*, of the mystical. Never having condescended, he has won in the end. He expressed the best and highest of his age, coloured, indeed, by his own peculiar mannerisms, which possibly hurt us: the fact is now recognized.

The tendency to make of the church one huge hall-like building, with nothing, or as little as possible, hidden from the eyes of him who enters, is obvious in Michelangelo's plan of St. Peter's. There might be a dome, covering almost the whole of it, or not. The plan was subject to an immense degree of variation, like all else of the period. The colour-scheme was subtle: one sees that to perfection in the church of Melk. The high-altar, with its towering reredos, is generally predominant; but sometimes everything is in a kind of sacrarium: a mysterious hall of light, harmonious to a degree. Occasionally all the furniture—confessionals, benches, every appurtenance—is designed to a perfect unity. Colour is used, not to strengthen forms, but to melt them together and unify. How warm and joyous is the colour, when compared with the classic coldness it superseded in Italy! The decoration is a unity.

Let us imagine ourselves in the small church of St. John Nepomucene, at Munich, built by the brothers Asam. It is in a poor street, but by no means an ugly one: it is not easy to find a completely ugly street in Munich. The church is sandwiched in between houses. Out of the street we have gone out of the world, into something unearthly and magical. Small as the building is, the eye cannot grasp its boundaries: the walls tremble into light and into deep shadows. We are outside space and outside time. If fairies could be Christians, it is just the kind of church they might be expected to build in a night: sumptuous, unearthly, unreal; made of dream-stuff. It is like the materialized ecstasy of a saint.

Palaces are often fairy-palaces, too. Never has the spirit of joy been so well expressed. The Kaisersaal of the Würzburger Residenz is gloriously light and delicate

and colourful. It seems impossible that it was ever planned and laboriously built. I do not know whether people ought so far to forget tragedy and all sorrow. The Baroque builders deliberately left them out of count: the only clouds must be those luminously painted on ceiling and wall; out of the crucifix come joyous rays of light, and ornament; in the most awful pictures of martyrdom there is ecstatic triumph and joy of soul. I know that there are inconsistencies; I know that there are terrible Spanish crucifixes, even gloomy and awful chapels of the Passion; but in what art are there not inconsistencies? One has to look and to speak widely. The small furniture of churches and objects of private devotion are uniformly good in design. Many reliquaries and crucifixes are exquisite. In the large and interesting collection of "cribs" at the National Museum of Munich, those of the Baroque period are specially delightful. The art of the theatre, as one would expect, was a high one. The word "theatrical" is generally used in contempt. It probably deserves such use, for the degradation of the art has often been complete. All the arts were to be united in the theatre: the voice, music, colour and form: all were to make a harmony to keep the senses enthralled. To sculpture Bernini gave a picturesque direction. His groups have a new atmospheric quality. He gave to sculpture lightness and air. In painting came great individualistic colourists. Portraits became deeply psychological. As a portrait-painter, Velazquez is unsurpassed. The ecstasy of saints is sometimes marvellously grasped and expressed by painters of the period.

The optimism and the constant note of triumph of the Baroque artists are hardly in tune with our own world. We have lived through an age of pessimism and eternal questions. Industrialism still has us firmly in chains. The mile after mile of hideous and gloomy street, lined with the vilest houses that the nineteenth century could invent, which we find in any big manufacturing town, drive into the extreme distance an art of uplifting and joy. I must candidly admit that I do not find Baroque churches suitable for the Liturgy of the Church. One

can keep Easter very well in them, but hardly Good Friday. But the same must be said of the later Gothic. The great style is, however, quite dead and gone. It is instructive, in spite of that, helpful, and inspiring, to study it. It is a chapter in the artistic life of the world, long closed, but a chapter brilliant and indispensable.

Quite dead? Is it quite dead? Or is it asleep? If, in the Italy of four or five hundred years ago, art tried to revive a spirit not its own, to kill the Gothic, and failed; if the Baroque is but the reawakening of the true spirit, after a false intrusion; may not—must not—the same thing happen to our world again? Ugliness has had a long triumph. The machine has long ruled us with a rod of iron. Possibly we shall one day rule the machine as successfully as we imagine we are doing now. The thought that the next *great* cathedral may be built of iron and concrete need not frighten him to whom it may chance to come. Although we are not going back to the Baroque, we tend to Expressionism, and I do not see why iron and concrete should not be intensely expressive. The trouble, to me, is that, so far, the surface of concrete is unpleasant to the eye. Conceive it, somehow, dazzling white. Think of a simple, oblong building, its height greater than that of any known cathedral, with clusters of very tall and narrow windows, not in any way Gothic, but, if you like, square-headed. Think of a slender tower, gleaming white, higher than the Giralda, frescoed with a tall Madonna, taller than any known, austere and haloed. Think of the interior, lofty, so that you see only dimly its blue and starred roof. Let us dream of what we like, but hope that something new and living will emerge, not second in character to any dead and gone style, but greater, more splendid than the best the past has shown the world. But I fear that, for the present, we must possess our souls in patience.

*Die Kunst des Barock.* Werner Weisbach.

*Die kirchliche Barockkunst in Österreich.* P. Martin Riesenhuber, O.S.B.

*Die Religiösen Kräfte des Barock.* Josef Kreitmaier, S.J. (In *Stimmen der Zeit.*, March, 1926.)

*Architecture of Humanism.* Geoffrey Scott.

HAROLD S. SQUIRRELL.



#### ART. 4.—EVOLUTION AS A THEORY OF ASCENT

*Science, Religion and Reality* (The Sheldon Press, London, 1925).  
*Evolution in the Light of Modern Knowledge* (T. and T. Clark).

IT is very remarkable how in these days there is a growing conviction among philosophers, scientists and even relativists, with regard to the limitations of science in framing a theory which could legitimately be interpreted as hostile to religion, or even inconsistent with it. Not unfrequently it is admitted that the purely scientific method takes us further away rather than nearer to the nature of reality, since it is forced to admit that what is most real in things—their incessant transformations, for instance—is beyond its scope; so that physical law, though it is real on its own level, cannot be said to describe absolute or ultimate reality. In the domain of physics it meets with factors of which it can give no account; while of origins it admittedly knows nothing. Moreover, “leaving out,” writes Dr. Eddington, “all æsthetic, ethical or spiritual aspects of our environment, we are faced with qualities such as massiveness, substantiality, extension, duration, which are supposed to belong to the domain of physics. In a sense they do belong; but physics is not in a position to handle them directly. The essence of their nature is inscrutable; we may use mental pictures to aid calculation, but no image in the mind can be a replica of that which is not in the mind. And so in its actual procedure, physics studies not these inscrutable qualities; but our exact knowledge is of the readings, not of the qualities.” Hence “in considering the relations of science and religion, it is a very relevant fact that physics is now in course of abandoning all claim to a type of knowledge, which it formerly asserted without hesitation” (*Science, Religion and Reality*, “The Domain of Physical Science,” p. 199). To the same effect argues Professor Thomson (*Science and Religion*, *passim*). And Professor Millikan has recently said that “the fact altogether obvious and undis-



puted by thoughtful men is that there is actually no conflict whatever between science and religion, when each is properly understood" (*cf. Things and Ideals*, by M. C. Otto, p. 166). These views arrived at by modern scientists have been summed up by *Nature* (February 13, 1926) as follows: "It is no longer a struggle between men of science and theologians as such, for the foremost theological teachers of the day are as penetrated by the scientific and historic spirit as any man of science, in the ordinary sense of that term." Even evolution itself is rejected by Professor Soddy in the realm of physics; and "if it makes its appearance in the world of living organisms, it is only as an interloper in an eternal and independently existing world with mechanical processes of its own" (*Evolution in the Light of Modern Knowledge*, p. 162). Still, it must be acknowledged that such a view on the subject of evolution is a rare exception, so that that theory seems to be still generally accepted as unquestionable. Thus Dr. Watts speaks of "this great doctrine which is now finding its application far outside the organic world, in the mechanism of the earth itself, and beyond that again to the outer universe" (*op. cit.*, p. 66); while Dr. J. M. Wilson writes of the "new knowledge, of which the term 'evolution' is the comprehensive description, as being for our generation a new revelation." If this should seem somewhat disconcerting, one may feel reassured on learning from the same writer that, whereas of old "in every sphere of observation discontinuity was assumed," now "the conception of continuity has become axiomatic"; for it is the unsuspected discontinuities in Nature on a wide scale that are at present attracting the attention of scientists;\* and if continuity goes, what becomes of evolution, with which it has become identified?

In his Presidential Address at the meeting of the British

\* According to Dr. Planck, the energy of an oscillator cannot vary continuously, as has been supposed; it must vary *per saltum*, by one or more quanta, and not by a fraction. And Sir William Bragg has stated that "increase in knowledge has shown that Nature dealt in discontinuity more than they had suspected" (*Address at the opening of the Physics and Chemistry Laboratories at Aberdeen on December 4, 1926*). "The principle of continuity has been replaced in a large region of physics by the principle of discontinuity" (*Three Men discuss Relativity*, J. W. N. Sullivan, Introduction, p. xvi).

Association, the late Professor Bateson suggested that the time had come for the question to be asked: "Whether the cause of evolution can at all be reasonably represented as an unpacking of an original complex, which contained within itself the whole range of diversity which living things represent." And, although that, or something like it, seems to be the fundamental meaning of the term "evolution," there are not a few others who continue to ask the same question. For, to say the least, it is difficult to see how the various concentrations of energy have taken place, at different points, and that on such an enormous scale, or how electrons form an atom, or atoms a molecule, or molecules the quasi-continuous matter of the universe, if the process were one of unfolding. If it is by a process of evolution that water breaks up into hydrogen and oxygen, it is equally by that process that the gases form water. So that whether it be a case of unpacking or packing, it is still evolution! Carrying back our analysis as far as possible, we are unable to find in Bohr's miniature solar system, with its discontinuous quanta, any suggestion of an unfolding process. Indeed, in its last analysis the ultimate particle can have nothing to evolve. Besides, there are certain fundamental questions, as to what it was that was first unrolled before it became a "complex"; and if it was already a complex, how did it become such? has it powers of its own to unroll itself? and, if so, what is the law of its unrolling?—questions which are not to be evaded, if the philosophy of evolution is maintained as ultimate. Nor is it much easier to identify *organic* evolution with any process of unrolling. Generally it is defined in terms of "descent"—that "the organisms now living are descended from ancestors from whom they differ very considerably" (Dr. J. B. Haldane, *R.P.A. Annual*, 1926). But varieties do not spring into existence by any method of unfolding. "The doctrine of descent or evolution" Professor Milnes Marshall defines as one "of animals descending from pre-existing animals, species from species, groups from groups" (Presidential Address, British Association, Section D, Zoology). "The name Darwinism," says Professor Kellog, "has been pretty con-

sistently applied by biologists only to those theories, practically original with Darwin, which offer a mechanical explanation of the accepted fact of descent" (*Darwinism To-Day*, pp. 2, 3). But there is the difficulty that the process is also one of "ascent"—a difficulty which is not removed by including the two under the term evolution. So that the question must be asked if the word is philosophically justifiable. In one of his Gifford Lectures Lord Balfour has claimed that one may use a term in whatever sense he chooses, provided only that he is consistent in the use of it; but when Humpty Dumpty said to Alice, "There's glory for you," and then explained that what he meant was, "There's a nice knock-down argument for you," he provoked the complaint that such arbitrary use of words is misleading. Humpty Dumpty, however, stubbornly asserted his right to make words bear whatever meaning he pleased. But if it is calculated to be misleading, even when there is some degree of appropriateness in the use of the term, much more is that the case when such a meaning is ascribed to it as is contrary to its ordinarily accepted use, as would seem to be the case when the theory of evolution is understood to be both one of descent and ascent. May it not be that the fact suggests that there is something wrong with the theory? A statement by Bosanquet is generally accepted by Professor Pringle-Pattison and other upholders of the philosophy of Emergent Evolution, to the effect that "in apparent cosmic development, whether inorganic, organic or logical, the rule is for the stream to rise higher than its source" (*Individuality and Value*, p. 191). But as in the material order the very opposite is the case, we are confirmed in our suspicion that there must be something wrong with the theory. It is necessary to stand by those analogies which seem to be universal in their application up the scale of being. "I strongly approve the search for analogies," says Leibnitz (*New Essays concerning the Human Understanding: Critique of Locke*, Langley's translation, p. 553). "Everywhere in his system the concept of analogy is fundamental," writes Gilson of St. Thomas (*The Philosophy of St. Thomas*, p. 138, note).

Dr. Rudolf Otto gives the following explanation of the use of the term evolution: "We may call this new emergence 'evolution,' and we may use this term in connection with every new stage higher than those preceding it. But it is not evolution in a crude and quantitative sense, according to which the 'more highly evolved' is nothing more than an addition and combination of what was already there; it is evolution in the old sense of the word, according to which the more developed is a higher analogue of the less developed, but is in its own way as independent, as much a new beginning, as each of the antecedent stages, and therefore in the strict sense neither derivable from them, nor reducible to them" (*Naturalism and Religion*, pp. 51, 52). But this description is too negative to be adequate; and, although Dr. Otto has hit upon the appropriate term "higher analogue," still this "new sense of the word" suggests no way out of the impasse: "All being is inscrutable mystery as a whole, and from its very foundations upward, through each successively higher stage of its evolution, in an increasing degree, until it reaches a climax in the incomprehensibility of individuality" (p. 53). Yet it would be strange if man, the climax of the process, should not have "sufficient light to rise by," and that, therefore, the whole of this anabolic process should end in apparent failure. It is because Dr. Otto does not look to the higher for an explanation of the lower that he gets no further than "the incomprehensibility of individuality." Individuality, or personality, is to be understood, not in relation to an ape, but as the finite reflection of Divine personality. Reality does not come from below, but from above.

Reviewing Dr. J. Y. Simpson's *Landmarks in the Struggle between Science and Religion*, Professor Thomson characterized it as "an impiety and a denial of our birth-right as enquiring minds to be satisfied with the transcendental answer to the enquiry as to the source of the immense world of living creatures, that it has all come by the will of the Creator" (see *British Weekly*, January 4, 1926). And in his *Science and Religion* he has written: "If we religiously recognize a Divine purpose of Nature,

it does not follow that the process of evolution has been *immediately directed*, as many religious minds wish to believe. It may be that the Creator endowed the 'irreducibles,' such as electrons and protons and mind, with autonomy. There is such a thing as indirect direction in evolution, though the process, when once started, required no further guidance" (p. 183). But there is another kind of "indirect direction" besides this "clock-maker" view of the Deity, as it has been called, and according to which God is conceived to have made the world once and for all, and wound it up and set it agoing, and to have retired to rest in an infinitely distant heaven. He who is transcendent is also immanent in His creation, conserving it in existence; and if we hold that He directs and guides it, it is not because, as religious minds, we wish to believe that the process of evolution is immediately directed, but because it is a sound philosophy, approved, among others, by Lord Balfour and Dr. Davidson, of the *British Quarterly Review*, which teaches that God guides the universe as principal cause co-operating with its innumerable secondary causes. Professor Thomson along with Margaret Thomson once translated Dr. Otto's *Naturalism and Religion*, wherein we read: "The whole system of causes and effects, which, according to the Darwin-Weismann doctrine, has gradually brought forth the whole diversity of the world of life," is quite consistent with a theology (let us say philosophy, or natural theology) which "is ready to see, in the natural course of things, in the *causae secundariae*, the realization of Divine purpose, teleology, and does not fail to recognize that the Divine purpose may fulfil itself not only in an extraordinary manner through 'miracles' and 'unconditioned' events, but also in ordinary ways, 'through means' and the universal causal nexus" (p. 150). But we cannot suppose these *causae secundariae* to act apart from the principal cause. What we know of cosmic vapour, for instance, does not suggest that it is of such a nature that it could evolve the world of life, mind and reason, beauty and art, philosophy, poetry and science, morality and ideals of holiness, independently of the action of a transcendent principal cause. We are not able to see



in it the potentialities that Professor Tyndall claimed to be able to see.

We place ourselves in a hopeless position if we begin to give up the principles gathered from the universal experience of mankind, for we have absolutely nothing else to substitute for them. "Emergent" evolutionists have, however, determined to reject the principle—"Nemo dat quod non habet"—and argue that in matters other than the mechanical the stream rises higher than its source. But with that claim goes the universal character of evolution, which supposes a process of evolving or unpacking; else it must fall back on the somewhat lame suggestion that it has completely reversed its method. The analogy of growth is not to the point, since it is the effect of the absorption and the assimilation of food. So that it is more logical and more consistent to hold that you cannot get more out of a bag than you put into it, whether the bag be of a material or a moral nature. Referring to the Supreme Being, Locke writes: "Whatever is first of all things must necessarily contain in it, and actually have, at least, all the perfections that can ever after exist; nor can it ever give to another a perfection that it hath not actually in itself, or at least in a higher degree; it necessarily follows that the first eternal being cannot be matter." And this principle which Locke applies to the Supreme Being must be regarded as universal.

It is a serious objection to the evolutionary theory of "emergence" that, while professing to furnish a theory of reality, when it comes to the critical point, it deliberately takes refuge in a *petitio principii*. "What makes emergents emerge?" asks Professor Lloyd-Morgan; "what directs the course of events in which the salient line is the nisus towards deity?" (*Emergent Evolution*, p. 32). "Some may say," he answers, "that we know not, and cannot know. Others may ask what need there is for a directive source of emergence. (It is the view of Mr. Julian Huxley.) Why should it not proceed without one? Yet others may urge that it is idle to put into an active source just what is said to come out of it. For if there be less, something remains to be accounted for; and



if there be more (*eminenter*, as the schoolmen say), what evidence thereof is as yet forthcoming?" The answer is that there is all the evidence that goes to support the conclusion that an effect cannot be greater than its cause. "There cannot be more content in the effect than in the cause," affirms Driesch, of whom Professor J. A. Thomson says that "he has probably thought more continuously and deeply than anyone—not excepting Von Baer—since Aristotle wrote his *De Generatione*" ("One Science of Nature," *Hibbert Journal*, January, 1912). "Emergent Evolution," says Professor Lloyd-Morgan, "works upward from matter, through life, to consciousness, which attains in man its highest reflective or supra-reflective level. It accepts the 'more' at each ascending stage, as that which is given, and accepts it to the full" (*Emergent Evolution*, p. 297). The lecturer further adds: "A *de facto* nisus towards deity which we find running upwards along a special line of advance in the ascending levels is fully accepted on the evidence. But this valid concept, under causation, is supplemented by the completing concept—no less valid at the bar of philosophy—of Nisus in Causality, manifested in all natural events" (p. 301).<sup>\*</sup> It would seem that there is a certain amount of naïveté about a theory which, with regard to the process of ascent, merely "accepts the 'more' at each ascending stage, as that which is given, and accepts it to the full." Still, there can be no question as to its popularity as a philosophy of evolution, since we find Dr. Broad in his *Mind and its Place in Nature* referring to "Emergent Neutralism" (p. 639), "Emergent Materialism" (p. 625), and "Emergent Vitalism" (p. 69), the last in contradistinction to the "Substantial Vitalism" of Driesch, rejected by Dr. Broad. Yet this "emergence" does but remind us of what Martineau said in another context, that it is "simultaneously equated in its cause to nothing and its effect to the whole of things" (*Essays Philosophical and Theological*, p. 141).

\* It may be that it is the doctrine of principal and secondary causes which underlies Professor Lloyd-Morgan's much emphasized distinction between Causation and Causality. Causation is taken to be "subject to the limitations of time and space, but always as an expression of causality *sub specie aeternitatis*."

Occasionally the attempt is made to give a more definite description of the character of these "higher syntheses." Thus, Professor Watts-Cunningham, writing of the emergent view of evolution, says that "in the on-goings of the world-order something 'new' is being continuously created, as the process goes from level to level of existence, from the inorganic to the organic, and from the biological or vital to the psychological or mental" (*Problems of Philosophy*, p. 244). And Mr. Alexander, taking the expression "Evolutionary Naturalism" from Professor Sellars, of Michigan, holds with him that "critical points" are met with "in the unfolding of Nature, when she gathers up her old resources for a new experiment, and breeds a new quality of existence" (*Hibbert Journal*, July, 1922, article "Natural Piety"). But something more than an act of immanent power is required for an act of creation;\* for such power could not be manifested outside itself; and a "new experiment" can only be tried by a person who is striving for something that he wants to attain. Even if he had in view nothing further than his experiment, his mind would transcend matter in effecting his purpose. Still, even though there is an unwillingness, or, rather, a positive refusal, to admit what Professor Turner calls the "transcendent factor" (*A Theory of Direct Realism*, p. 300), it would seem that there is a virtual admission made by the "emergent" philosophers that "evolution," not being a process of unfolding, the term is not strictly applicable, since it does not express the objective fact; and it would seem that Professor Pringle-Pattison does but obscure the issue when he writes that there is a "real evolution" "when we pass from one order of facts to another—say, from inorganic nature to the facts of life, or from animal sentience to the conceptual reason and self-consciousness of man. Both life and self-consciousness appear to emerge from antecedent conditions, in which these distinctive qualities cannot be detected" (*Idea of God*, p. 93). But if they only "appear" to emerge, whence do they come?

\* "Creation involves a transcendent Being; it is the term used to state how the whole universe came into being" (Croce, *Practica*, p. 76).

And if they do emerge from the antecedent conditions they cannot be higher. One may agree with Sir Oliver Lodge when he writes: "It is as if the compounded atoms had made so intricate a pattern, formed so elaborate a structure, that it afforded opportunity for the habitation of something new and surprising" (*Making of Man*, p. 78), provided that we bear in mind that the elaboration of the structure is all in relation to the higher form to be impressed on it. But when he goes on to add that "Life—whatever life may be—was able to take hold and utilize the structure for its own development," it is worth while to remember that "life" is an abstract term, and is nothing objectively, apart from that which lives. Put in the concrete, One who is Light, as Sir Oliver has so forcibly insisted (*cf.* last pages of *The Making of Man*), Life, Spirit, reflects Himself, in and through various hierarchical forms in the finite world. A theory of pure immanence *must* attribute the emergence to the antecedent, for there is nothing else to which to attribute it. And how is the chasm between the antecedent and the higher synthesis to be bridged? That which belongs to a lower cannot causally produce that which belongs to a higher order. If it could, that which is higher would be nothing else than a function of that which is lower, which must be regarded as a metaphysical impossibility, since it is virtually a contradiction in terms.

When Professor Pringle-Pattison admits "the emergence of real differences" which he calls "actual 'increments' or 'lifts' in the process, where quantity may be said to pass into quality, difference in degree into difference of kind," it is necessary to point out that the term "lifts" implies something quite different from increments, and expresses a different change from one of quantity to quality; nor is it necessarily identical with a change in kind. For these changes might well take place on the same level, without any "lift" at all. Bradley defines the "lower" as "that which, to be made complete, would have to undergo a more total transformation." Hence, presumably, the "higher" would be that which is completed by undergoing a more total transformation. But

in this definition the concept of "higher" does not necessarily enter at all. Such a transformation might conceivably take place on the level plane. Certainly the higher cannot be explained in terms of the lower. Such an explanation, says Professor Pringle-Pattison, is a "*hysteron proteron*." But it is more, since a cart is placed before the horse on the level, while here there is implied a transition from a lower to a higher plane; and it is unthinkable that an entity, whether inorganic or organic, can so transform and raise itself as permanently to occupy a higher place in the order of reality. For that it would be necessary to suppose that it had a knowledge of that higher synthesis, which it was not only going to effect, but to become. It is not merely that a "newness" emerges, but that another and a higher being comes into existence, to which the antecedent entity stands in the relation of a subject for transformation for the purpose of ascent. To effect those lifts, the significance of which is admitted to be all-important, it is necessary to postulate the action of transcendent Mind and Power as principal cause. That does not imply any spontaneous or intermittent intervention on the part of God, in order to "help nature over difficult stiles," any more than it means "interference" with what is continuously under His control. The means cannot be higher than the end, and no amount of development of what is merely in order to the physical welfare of the organism can raise the status of that organism. It may grow, but that is not ascent, while this is a step upwards, to be defined as a "synthesis," and synthesis is unmeaning, except as the expression of a mind. A house is more than the bricks and mortar, and even a box is more than the wood. The popular monistic theories of the day hold that these higher syntheses "emerge" by means of some immanent power of Nature, described as "creative"; but as Bergson saw, such a power would be blind, and design would be unknown to it. Chaos would be its product.

To account for the higher order of things, then, is altogether impossible on the evolutionist hypothesis. Spencer's formula of the "integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion" is useless, since it is not

a principle of evolution at all, and that which takes place is something more and higher than the passage of matter from "relatively indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a relatively definite, coherent heterogeneity" (*First Principles*, II, xvii, p. 396). In Darwin's day the question of higher levels had not attracted the attention which it has received of late, especially at the hands of philosophers. Still, Darwin did not pass it by altogether unnoticed. "The degree of differentiation and specialization," he writes, "when arrived at maturity, is the best standard, as yet suggested, of their degree of perfection or highness." But "perfection" or the "degree of perfection" is a different connotation from that of "highness." The perfection of an organism as such does not suppose any rise in the order of Nature. Yet we are told, "as the specialization of parts is an advantage to each being, so Natural Selection will tend to render the organization of each being more specialized and more perfect, and in this sense higher." But that which is merely more conducive to life cannot be described as "higher." It is only a means by which the organism may become "more specialized and more perfect" for the purpose of struggling for existence. Thus the synonym for "more specialized and more perfect" would be "better," but not "higher." Moreover, when Darwin goes on to add, "Not but that it may leave many creatures with simple and unimproved structures fitted for simple conditions of life, and in some cases will even degrade or simplify the organization, yet leaving such degraded beings better fitted for their new walks in life" (*Origin of Species*, chap. xi, sixth edition, p. 625), he is arguing that such degraded—that is, lower—organisms being better fitted for their new walks in life are "more perfect"—that is, "higher"!

In an Appendix to his work on "Emergent Evolution" (p. 302), Professor Lloyd-Morgan refers to a statement made by Professor Roy Wood Sellars on the way in which "the new tendencies in science" have been "declaring themselves within the last two decades," among them being "the admission of creative synthesis in nature with accompanying critical points and new properties." "And



he says," adds Lloyd-Morgan: 'The extent to which this recognition of evolutionary synthesis has come to the front of late is surprising.'" Thereupon the writer enters upon a discussion of the content of his "Selective Synthesis in Evolution," described in his *Introduction to Comparative Psychology* (1894), as contrasted with that of Professor Sellars' *Evolutionary Naturalism*. Certainly there are points of similarity, if not of identity, in the two versions of the same theory. But if we turn back to Professor Lloyd-Morgan's earlier formulations of the theory, we find that they are clearer, and there is more that is admissible in them than as elaborated in *Emergent Evolution*. Here is Dr. Otto's summing up of the theory as given in the *Monist* (1899, p. 179):

"At the formation of the first crystal there came into action a directing force of the same (let us say 'analogous') kind as the will of the sculptor at the making of the Venus of Melos. This new element which intervenes every time (in the formation of different syntheses) Lloyd-Morgan regards with Herbert Spencer (*Principles of Biology*) as 'due to that ultimate reality which underlies this manifestation as it underlies all other manifestations.' The play of chance not only does not explain the living; it does not even explain the not-living. But life in particular can neither be brought into the cell from without, nor be explained as simply 'emerging from the co-operation of the components of the protoplasm,' and it is 'in its essence not to be conceived in physico-chemical terms,' but represents 'new modes of activity in the noumenal cause'" (*Naturalism and Religion*, pp. 254, 255). For the term "noumenal" we would substitute "transcendental" as implying what is higher in a causal sense, for the question at issue is really the transcendence of the cause. And, indeed, such a cause is, or ought to be, implied in Professor Lloyd-Morgan's statement as given above. For a "directing force of the same kind as the will of the sculptor at the making of the Venus of Melos" is a force transcendent over matter—a force guided by intelligence and aiming at a purpose. It is of a higher order. The statement of the late Professor Bosanquet that in these



matters the stream rises higher than its source really covers up the whole problem at issue, as is evident from the fact that the theory of "Emergent Evolution" is accepted by two schools whose presuppositions are diametrically opposed. On the one hand, scientists like Mr. Julian Huxley see no need for believing in a purpose as manifested in Nature, or in the existence of God. Others like Professor J. A. Thomson are convinced of both; yet they equally appeal to the theory of "emergence." There must be something unsatisfactory about a theory which lends itself to such opposite interpretations. There is a tendency, against which the philosopher has ever to be on his guard, to abstract from the complete objective reality, by taking a part for the whole, for instance, or misinterpreting an abstraction when again applied to the objective reality. Thus Bergson, whose *elan vital* manifests itself in an orderly way, so as to reveal a mind effecting a purpose, of which no account is taken. Thus those scientists who make of the process of evolution an abstraction, yet impute to it the power of a force or principle which "selects," by killing off those unfitted to survive. Thus the "behaviourists," who, abstracting from the subject that behaves, identify consciousness with external behaviour. Thus the relativists, who, abstracting from what is related, attribute the whole of reality to relations. Thus, also, those philosophers who, fixing their attention on those "newnesses" which "emerge" in the ascending scale of development, virtually attribute them to the antecedent, though this may be explicitly denied. On the other hand, Professor Pringle-Pattison, who is fully aware of this tendency, goes so far as to insist that, apart from and without reference to their end, the antecedents in the evolutionary process are merely a mental abstraction. "The antecedents assigned are not the causes of the consequents, for by the antecedents the naturalistic theories mean the antecedents in abstraction from their consequents—the antecedents taken as they appear in themselves, or as we might suppose them to be, if no such consequents had ever issued from them. So conceived, however, the antecedents (matter and energy, for example) have no real

existence—they are mere *entia rationis*” (*Man’s Place in Nature*, p. 11; also *Idea of God*, p. 106). But that would seem to deny the material cause, which is real in its own order. The marble of which a statue is carved is real objectively, without which there would be no statue; so that it is something more than an *ens rationis*.

“It lies in the very nature of the case,” writes Edward Caird, “that the earliest form of that which lives and develops is the least adequate to its nature, and, therefore, that from which we can get the least distinct clue to the inner principle of that nature” (*The Evolution of Religion*, p. 49); and it is the doctrine of St. Thomas that “all ultimate philosophical explanations must look to the end” (Gilson, *The Philosophy of St. Thomas*, p. 11), for the end comes before the means. “The end, although it be last in execution, is nevertheless first in the intention of the agent” (I 2, Q. 1, art. 1, ad 1). A building, for instance, is in the mind of the architect before the materials are put together. Hence, reality does not begin with the historical laying of the first stones, etc., but with the complete building, in which lies the explanation of the structure that is raised, modified somewhat, it is true, by the imperfect forms that exist in the minds of the labourers. At every step as the building rises it is a higher power that continuously manifests itself, enabling that step to be taken. Even the materials are not absolutely inert, since they may be said to co-operate with the principal cause, in virtue of those active qualities for which, for instance, they are selected as the most suitable for the purpose. “The philosophical question,” writes Professor Pringle-Pattison, “is the difference of nature between the two orders of fact, not the question of historical emergence—how or when the one arose from the other, or came to be added to it” (*The Idea of God*, p. 96). And he adds: “To the philosopher the aspect of time-succession has seemed in the main irrelevant. In the well-worn phrase, philosophy contemplates the world *sub quadam specie aeternitatis*.” But the question still remains, how to relate it to the historical process—a not unimportant question, since of that process we ourselves form a part.

What is true is that "the metaphysical explanation of a physical phenomenon is always tantamount to indicating the place of an essence in a hierarchy" (Gilson, p. 274), for "the relative superiority of created beings is constituted by their greater or lesser proximity and resemblance to the one first being, which is God" (pp. 152, 153). And this is no merely abstract question, since, although whatever knowledge we may possess of the principal cause in itself can only be *sub quadam specie aeternitatis*, still by concurring with secondary causes it makes itself manifest through our sense perceptions in the processes of Nature. Thus there is a fuller and more completely effective action of God at those critical points where there is a succession and a rise to a higher order by a process of transformation. That action reaches its term in a second act of creation—that of spiritual substance, of which the creation of material substance is the analogue, and up to which the whole process has been leading. So that the universe is made up of that which understands and that which is understood. From this dualism there is no escape; and to it Lord Balfour has recently referred, though in somewhat halting language: "To me it seems that in the present state of our knowledge, or, if you prefer it, of our ignorance, we have no choice left but to acquiesce provisionally in an unresolved dualism. Our experience has a double outlook. The first may be called material. It brings us face to face with such subjects as electricity, mass, motion, force, energy, and with such manifestations of energy as ethereal radiation. The second is spiritual. The first deals with objects which are measurable, calculable, capable (up to a point) of precise definition. The second deals with the immeasurable, the incalculable, the indefinable, and (let me add) the all-important. The first touches the fundamentals of science, the second is intimately connected with religion" (*Science, Religion and Reality*, Introductory Chapter, p. 16).\*

But this spiritual substance also must grow, and not remain a mere capacity; and like material substance it must be transformed if it is to ascend, and

\* In his Gifford Lectures Lord Balfour has insisted on what is virtually the substantial nature of the soul.

man achieve his destiny. The account which Wallace gives of the meaning of evolution is as follows: "The whole purpose, the only *raison d'être*, of the world with all its complexities of physical structure, with its grand geological progress, the slow evolution of vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the ultimate appearance of man, was the development of the human spirit in association with the human body" (*Darwinism*, p. 477). But development, or growth, is not an ultimate end; in fact, it is not an end at all. It is the expression of a fuller life than that which has gone before. The end of the lower is the highest or fullest form of life—life in its ultimate perfection—to which it approximates. If it were to come to an end with one of the lower forms of life the whole process would be meaningless, a failure because leading no-whither. It may be said, it is true, that the process of natural evolution may be carried on in another world. The theory of the spiritualists, however, stands condemned as naturalistic, since it has no suggestion to make as to the means of ascent; so that its gospel is virtually one of despair. Of the two sources of our knowledge reason cannot help us, beyond proving the bare fact of the immortality of the soul, nor does revelation, apart from a system of the supernatural order, of which the Eternal Word become man is the source and the centre. We may suppose that it was through natural forces that the earth originally broke away from the sun, but it is impossible to eliminate the directing mind which guided it in the formations of such concentrations of energy, that an environment was ultimately prepared for living beings as so many finite reflections of that transcendent Life which is also transcendent Mind. But does the process of ascent stop there? As reality consists in an upward movement, rather than in advance upon the level plane, we may conjecture as probable that a further step upwards would again be taken, the way being prepared for transcendental action of a higher order still, until a term is reached that is final. "The ultimate perfection to which anything can attain is this, that it be united with its principle," says Aquinas (II, Dist. 18, Q. 2, art. II). Hence God Himself is the object and end of the ascent. It is

true that there are intermediate ends which give a meaning to the antecedents which have led up to them, and therefore express a partial meaning of the whole, but the process itself must be judged in the light of its ultimate end. The parallel is not of two processes running from below upward, but of one descending and the other ascending, the former acting as a ladder, as it were, up which the ascent may be made. It is through the mediation of a hierarchy of forms (the phrase is even accepted by Mr. Alexander in his *Hibbert Journal* article on "Natural Piety"). As M. Gilson says, interpreting the mind of St. Thomas: "The effects of divine power are actually ordered in a continuous series of decreasing perfections." Hence "we must assume a multitude of middle terms to descend from the sovereign simplicity of God to the complex multiplicity of material bodies. Some of these intermediate terms will be formed by intellectual substances combined with bodies; others by intellectual substances freed from all union with matter, and these precisely we call angels" (pp. 144-146). It is the function of the higher as the *forma assistens*, and in proportion as it is higher, to take part in controlling and guiding that which is lower, just as we control the lower forces of the order of Nature, sometimes in a blundering and ineffective way, and, unfortunately, for other purposes than those of our ascent. That there is nothing unscientific in the doctrine with regard to the angels may presumably be inferred from the fact that it was held by such distinguished scientists as A. R. Wallace, Stewart and Tait.

Hence, if we are to interpret the external universe aright, it is necessary to stand by the fundamental principle enunciated by Aristotle and accepted by St. Thomas, though rejected by modern evolutionist philosophers, that the perfect does not come from the imperfect. The actual is always previous to the potential. "Seed arises from other natures that are antecedent and perfect, and the seed is not the first thing, whereas that which is perfect is; as, for example, the man is antecedent to the seed." It is at the root of those sound evolutionary principles, applied to secondary causes, under the guidance of, illumined and



inspired by, and in co-operation with, the principal cause, which deny that life comes from dead matter, and, therefore, must have its origin in a transcendent vital cause. It is the supposition of supernatural Christianity, which insists on the incapability of the natural man to raise himself to a higher order, such as is implied in the term "eternal life." The changes that take place, referred to above, Aquinas after Aristotle supposes to be due to the "form," which, in general, he regards as "a certain participation and likeness of the 'First Act' or Divine Being, and this is more perfect in proportion as it is higher—that is, nearer in its likeness to the First Act." Thus, these forms may belong to a higher or lower order according as they are a more or less perfect reflection of the Divine Being, and this is conditioned by the level which the finite entity has reached in the order of reality. For the higher it is—that is, the nearer it is to God—the fuller will be its capacity to absorb and reflect a more perfect likeness of God, and thus participate of Him more fully. (*Esse autem participatum finitur ad capacitatem participantis*, D. I, Q. 75, art. V, ad iv.) Four grades are specifically alluded to by St. Thomas, though he would not find in them breaks in continuity, since it is only from below that the lower kingdom is "staked off" from the higher, to use Drummond's word. Here is the passage from St. Thomas:

"By means of the form things come to participate of the Divine Being, and therefore the form must also be a certain participation and likeness of the First Act, or Divine Being. So that the nearer this form is in its likeness to the First Act, or the more it participates in its perfections, the more perfect it will be. Therefore, the forms that participate of the perfections of the *Actus Primus*, merely as to their being, are of the lowest grade. Those that are likenesses of the *Actus Primus* not only by *being*, but also by *living*, and being able to give life, have the second rank, under the name *animae vegetativae*. The third are those that are likenesses of the *Actus Primus*, not only in having being and life, but also in knowing, though imperfectly; and these are named *animae sensitivae*.



These are the first that have any participation of knowledge. Lastly, those that are likenesses of the *Actus Primus*, not only in being and living and having a sort of knowledge, but, moreover, in knowing with intellective cognition, constitute in nature the highest and noblest grade, though in different ways; and all of these are called intellectual substances" (Opusc. *De Formis*; cf. *The Physical System of St. Thomas*, by Fr. Cornoldi, S.J., trans. E. H. Dering, pp. 14, 15).

Thus behind, or above, is a transcendent Power co-operating with Nature as secondary cause, which, thereby, at certain points and in varying degrees, becomes raised in the order of being. Each stage in the process is a foundation and preparation for the next, which means a nearer approach to what is higher still. As the capacities of creatures grow in the course of ascent, normally the principal cause co-operates with them in corresponding degrees of power and influence, whereby they acquire more and more of the freedom of the principal cause. For "it is necessary that so long as the created thing exists, God should be present in it according to the mode in which it possesses being" (I, Q. 8, art. I). As creatures rise higher in the scale of being, with the increase of their capacity, they are admitted to a fuller participation in the causality of the principal cause. It may be said that in the passages quoted above it is only in the ideal order that the end comes first; but as St. Thomas glances at a theory of progressive "information" of the human embryo, we must suppose that he had in mind a connexion between that order and the process of Nature as we are acquainted with it through our sense-perceptions. And that would seem to be the case if every step in the process of ascent becomes possible only through the influxus of a higher principal cause, the antecedent matter being the *principium determinativum*. The action of such a principal cause in co-operation with the secondary causes of Nature would constitute at each step a process of becoming, and the order of reality, as we know it.

J. ASHTON, S.J.

## ART. 5.—HENRI GHÉON

MONSIEUR HENRI GHÉON'S name is more familiar to English theatre-goers than is Monsieur Paul Claudel's, in spite of M. Claudel's high diplomatic position as French Ambassador to the U.S.A. In far countries, in the East, in America and on the Continent, Claudel's work is much better known; but in England, partly perhaps because mysticism is not our natural bent, partly because national laziness leads us to read so much light literature that we have neither time nor inclination for what is abstruse and even sometimes obscure, Paul Claudel remains a mere name to too many. Henri Ghéon captured eyes, ears and hearts with his *Merveilleuse Histoire de Bernard de Menthon*, given last year at the Kingsway Theatre, in Sir Barry Jackson's admirable translation. Claudel's *L'Otage* and *L'Echange* were produced only at special performances in London, and so never attempted to capture the mind of the ordinary spectator at all. Both men are lay-apostles of the Faith. "The prayer of" each "is in the work" of these "scribes," and Ghéon's acknowledged hope, "rétablissons le va-et-vient entre le ciel et la terre,"\* ranks, on another plane, with Claudel's clarion call:

"Mon Dieu, Vous m'avez donné cette minute de lumière, à voir. . . . *Utilisez-moi!*  
Sortez enfin  
Tout le soleil qu'il y a en moi et capacité de Votre lumière,  
que je Vous voie  
Non plus avec les yeux seulement, mais avec tout mon corps et  
ma substance et la somme de ma quantité resplendissante et  
sonore."†

The story of how Henri Ghéon generated this "activité créatrice"‡ of his, which, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin's music, attracts so many followers, is in itself psychologically dramatic.

A delicate child, acutely sensitive and artistic, he was,

\* *Les Saints et le Théâtre Chrétien Populaire.* H. Ghéon.

† *L'Esprit et l'Eau.* P. Claudel.

‡ Jacques Maritain.

like Jacques Rivière,\* brought up as a Catholic by a devoted mother. Unfortunately, in Ghéon's case, a shadow of unfaith darkened the immediate home circle. His father was an agnostic. Not that he ever attempted to destroy his children's belief, nor that he was loved by them more than the tender mother who was Henri's "dear companion" all her life. But a background of scepticism, solid, impenetrable, inevitably blocks the outlook of any Catholic home. Henri's impressions of those early years, spectacular, vivid, show the bent of the child's mind. The picture of himself on his grandmother's knee—a tiny baby, playing with her rosary—was probably traditional, although some children's minds do creep back amazingly to far realms of consciousness. Quite clear, the scene of the red room where, day and night, he, his little sister and his mother, knelt in front of a black ebony crucifix, eyes fixed on the old yellowing ivory figure of the nailed Christ still curiously powerful. . . . The rhythm of the words he repeated, with the others, at first haltingly, then with ease; quickly, like rosary-beads dripping from small fingers—the *Pater*, *Ave Maria*, *Credo*, and *Confiteor*. High Mass on Sundays, "le luxe de chaque semaine" to the child who, so early, felt things poignantly. Best clothes; extra neatness; music; screens of candles; a magnificent "Suisse," come from the pages of a story-book, with embroidered belt and fantastic hat; incense lifting in "trailing clouds of glory"; the Tabernacle, remote and near paradoxically, disclosed in points of colour through the haze, or when shafts of light from the windows contained it; and—a feast of "éclairs" at the *pâtisserie*, on the way home, afterwards. Corpus Christi. Familiar streets through which the Procession was to pass, transformed. White "samite" draperies; flowers everywhere. His sister, like little St. Thérèse of Lisieux, strewing pink rose-petals before the Host, under its canopy, "d'un geste court, comme on donne à manger aux petits oiseaux";† the mass feeling of tense prayer holding you, irresistibly; beauty, vibrating. Retreats, too, prior to his first Communion, given in a

\* Late editor of *La Nouvelle Revue Française*: subject of the "Claudé-Rivière Correspondance."

† *Témoignage d'un Converti*: Ghéon.

study of the Lycée overlooking a rose-garden where only the privileged few—such as these forthcoming communicants—were allowed to walk. Just beyond, old-world streets; nearer, arcaded cloisters. The promise of fuller life, soon to dawn. . . . He had been told, like the rest, that “le plus beau jour de la vie” was at hand. Bloom of roses, warmth of summer; glow conscious and self-conscious—unknown canker in the rose—at the heart.

Another picture, in strong contrast. One Sunday, three years later, in the Easter vacation. The lad, reading or supposed to be reading, in a downstairs room, his senses on the alert. Quick footsteps in the room overhead; his mother dressing for Mass. “Henri! Hurry, or we shall be late!” Resolution. He could not, anyway, lie to her, or compromise. When he opened his mother’s door, a few moments later, she was putting on her gloves. “Voyons, tu vas manquer la messe!” (Not that he could, of course; the idea was incredible.) “Je n’y vais pas. . . . Qu’est-ce que tu veux, maman? Je ne crois plus.” He was gone. The knife turned in her heart. The child of her body to fail her God! . . . The artistic temperament may be, as any artist knows, the most cruel, first to “kill the thing it loves.” This was to be, for her, the final gesture; not to be obliterated while his mother lived. Naturally, there were contributory causes. Two opposite compelling forces of parenthood, to put the angle from which life is viewed out of perspective, anti-clerical atmosphere strong in France; spreading in every province. Hartmann, Büchner, Descartes, Hegel, Renouvier, Spencer, Darwin, all being studied at school; boys’ fluid opinions flowing like a tide, carrying refuse. . . . Such religious instruction as they received after their first Communion unintentionally rather lifeless and heavy. All the other things “they had to know about,” compelling. . . . Curiosity; awakening to beauty; art revealed, like the opening of a door; vistas. Eagerness to study anything rather than religion. There was nobody at hand to show Catholicism as the key of knowledge, to teach how other studies, history, geography, science, and a hundred more were all linked

up with it; that the history of the Church itself with its flashes of fire and black darkness, the wine-red of blood spilled for it, the light of it and its illumination, was the most soul-stirring story of them all, when revealed. . . . "Notre bon aumonier n'essayait pas d'entrer en concurrence par cet attrait vivant qui capte les jeunes esprits avec nos professeurs d'humanités et de sciences."

Unlike Rivière, Ghéon had no torturing reactions in his years without God. For him, "comme Adam, dans le paradis des délices, le péché n'existait plus." Now and again something like a breath of wind, as in the presence of death or great beauty, moved him with a kind of artistic uplift. All poets "baigne dans l'infini," although often "en aveugle." But life itself, the act of living, was what held him. His secret ambition, in common with most artists, was "de laisser après nous . . . quelques morceaux réussis" which would not die with death. "Nous nous efforçons de gagner . . . une façon d'éternité terrestre." "Non une patrie assise, non un idéal éprouvé." At that epoch he was almost completely individualistic. Traces of the old childish delicacy remained; "le conseil de révision de ma classe m'avait exempté du service." Material cares did not irk or handicap him, as with Rivière. He became a doctor to insure financial independence. His father was now dead, and as his sister was a widow with two children, he had an agreeable little family at hand to look after, without the full responsibilities of parenthood.

Two years before the War, he visited Italy for the first time, with André Gide as cicerone. Florence was a revelation. He came upon it with almost boyish ardour and flooding appreciation. Till now, he had never realized the full achievement of the end of "le moyen âge," what the exquisite dawn of Renaissance really stood for. The pale frescoes at San Marco spoke from the walls of the numbered cells in terms of closest appeal. There is prayer in every sweep of Fra Angelico's brushwork. The walls—their shrines—are hallowed spaces. Centuries seem to pass, and Christ's Blood drips again for our redemption; the very air is stirred by the Angel Gabriel's wings when he gives God's message to the waiting Virgin.



"Giotto . . . Angelico . . . le Masaccio de l'Apôtre Pierre; tout le reste gravite autour. L'œuvre d'art qui n'est pas prière me déçoit. . . . J'adorais sans croire." —Merely the adoration of the artist, still.—Recalled to France, by his small niece's illness, to find, a few weeks later, his mother killed in an accident, Henri Ghéon, beside her coffin, deliberately raised defiant eyes to the Host at Mass, and, sick with human pain at the loss of the being he loved most, told himself, "*Tu n'es pas.*"

Dominique-Pierre Dupouey, Lieutenant-Commander of a battalion of Marines, came into, and humanly went out of, Henri Ghéon's life in the space of a few months during the War, in 1915. He changed its whole course, under the grace of God. Every published work of M. Ghéon's produced since that amazing epoch has reflected something which he himself would say he owed to Dupouey's initial inspiration, although they only met three times in all. He writes how, face to face with a personality which dominated him and so many more by sheer force of sanctity—as yet a quality whose mystery he could divine, but to which could so far give no name—"je me sens devant lui tout petit garçon."

A mutual friend was the means of introduction. Should they forgather in the hazard of war, they would probably find much in common. (But Dupouey, always an admirer of Beauty, too, had found, like St. Augustine, Beauty he could adore. . . .) Dupouey, when nearby, with half an hour on his hands, came to call upon Ghéon just before a great assault. "L'artillerie prélude! . . . Les trajectoires rasant le toit qui nous abrite: le marse de bourdonne comme l'intérieur d'un violon." A dramatic upheaval, exteriorly as well as interiorly.

Dupouey never talked piety. But Faith being his breath of life, it radiated—unknown, unrecognized by so many—in his poise, in his simplicity and firmness, in the quality of his rare mind, and trend of conversation. Born leader, charming comrade, his brother officers and men loved him. That "something" indefinable about him—the inward light which was reflected in his every gesture—



made him stand out in the spectacular vision of war, sure and serene, remote and detached, amongst grotesque monstrosities of ravage. It captured, it eluded, it oddly compelled Ghéon. . . .

Easter was drawing near. Only two "poilus" in one of the batteries, to the horror of a new Commandant, meant to make their Easter duties. Ghéon listened to his complaint, a trifle bored. Where was liberty of conscience? True, from time to time he himself paid a visit to a church, or heard Mass, officially, "en spectateur." One church "qui n'avait plus de porche voici deux mois, s'ouvrait comme une rose." . . . (The artistic temperament noted that picture.) On Good Friday he went to church, by way of making a kind of polite visit "à l'ancien Dieu de mon pays."

Meantime, in the neighbouring sector, Dupouey was preparing far otherwise for his Easter Communion. The night before Holy Week began, he walked through the trenches with his confessor. "En entrant dans les fêtes anniversaires de . . . la croix de son Sauveur, qu'il allait passer au feu, dans la boue, dans l'odeur des cadavres, il ne songeait qu'à . . . la résurrection. . . . 'Je vous servirai la messe? Nous chanterons l'Alléluia, de toute notre voix, de toute notre âme!'" . . . On the night of Holy Saturday, near the stroke of midnight, he was killed. At his funeral oration at Coxyde the aumonier, recalling their last walk together, spoke of his death as "une mort vraiment pascalle." "Ce n'est pas sous la voûte éventrée de l'église d'Oost-Dunquerque, ou devant notre pauvre autel des dunes, c'est dans le ciel même que votre âme s'envolant avec les cloches a chanté nos belles hymnes." Just after leaving the church on Easter Sunday Ghéon was told that "another marine officer" had been killed. Not until a fortnight afterwards did he realize, with bewildering shock, that the then unknown was Dupouey.

But why was the shock so bewildering? Dupouey dead—but wasn't he injured to death after eight months' bloodshed? A man he had seen three times . . . whose loss he yet felt to be incomparable, for whom he wept like a brother. . . . "Que m'était-il?"

He went on foot to Coxyde-Ville to find his grave. "He had been ill for some time, but never thought of himself." "Intelligence of the first order." "Magnificently brave." So much and much more had he heard of Dupouey, universally mourned. It was not all? But the grave as yet kept its secret from the man who stood there, thinking so deeply of the dead, that, unconsciously, thought must have become prayer. "Ai-je prié pour lui?" he wrote to André Gide. "Je le crois bien, ou c'est tout comme."

His widow summed up Dupouey's influence in a few simple words, some time later: "*Pierre prie pour vous.*"

Episodes, incidents; isolated pools of light now and again in the darkness, from that period. An English officer, quite simply "braving human respect," and going to Communion, on All Souls' Day, the only man in the packed church to do so, had its effect. Madame Dupouey's correspondence, her confidence, and loan of her husband's notebooks. Their revelation. Here he was to find the real Dupouey. . . . And, too, the answer to a hundred questions which from time to time men of culture, men who—for good or ill—respond passionately to Art and Beauty, yet whom mere Art and mere Beauty ultimately no longer satisfy, ask themselves, but seldom confide to another. Almost he heard Dupouey speak. He began to read the books which Dupouey cared for. He sent for a Bible. . . . Meantime, he had been home on leave. His sister's and his niece's prayers for his conversion had never ceased since he left home for the Front, and, confidently, they left prayer to do its work.

Decision at last. A contrasting picture to nail on the wall opposite the picture of the boy who, twenty years before, had refused to go to church with his mother because he had lost the Faith. "L'homme né de la guerre," humbled and shaken, studied notes and literature of religious belief avidly, just as, in the past, he had studied notes and books in preparation for those lectures at the Lycée which he had set such store upon. He had consulted Gide, who told him, frankly, "Au point où tu en es, tu me parais impardonnable de ne pas encore t'être mis en règle."

"En règle"—after these years? . . . But Christmas was near at hand.

He made an appointment with the aumonier, and poured out his story. There was no interruption, but the abbé did not seem especially impressed. When he spoke, he spoke drily enough. "Vous êtes venu à Dieu en artiste. Ne nous laissons pas égarer par le sentiment." When Henri Ghéon went back next day, he knew more of himself than before. "Out of humiliation there is glory." And Christmas saw the harvest which had been sown at Easter. "*Communion des cœurs.*"

Jacques Rivière, then a prisoner of war in Germany, sent a joyful message of congratulation from the camp. "'Je ne suis plus seul!' Dans le groupe d'ainés et d'amis qui formait le noyau de *La Nouvelle Revue Française* d'avant guerre, son catholicisme claudélien sentait un peu débordé. Nous ferions bloc. . . . Nous nous appuierons l'un sur l'autre.'"

On fire with zeal, confident with a new assurance, Henri Ghéon began writing again in the trenches. *Le Témoignage d'un Converti*—his witness to the truth which, for the sake of others, he felt impelled to set down—was finished during the war, as was also his play of *Les Trois Miracles de Ste. Cécile*. A new spirit informed him. Faith, like love, will out. Taking service in the King's forces has its proud obligations. In the gaps of riven villages, he had come upon the broken statues of Saints who were to him, as to many others, only names. He began to see, with widening vision, how little the peasants who prayed to their patron Saints with such tender simplicity really knew of their actual stories. "Notre temps prie encore les Saints. Il ne les fréquente pas guère. Il ne les connaît plus du tout. Nous les chargeons de nos commissions, sans nous inquiéter de leur état civil. . . . Combien de catholiques qui se soient instruits, les relignent au bazar d'une mythologie désuète, avec les Demi-Dieux, les Nymphes, les Satyres, les Fées, les Elfes et les Nains! Et cependant, si Dieu a pris ses Saints parmi les hommes . . . n'est-ce pas pour que leur exemple humain nous

\* *Souvenirs, Henri Ghéon; Hommage à Rivière.*

instruire? . . . Sous l'influence du protestantisme, un spiritualisme mal entendu, tour abstrait, a supplanté la foi vivante, réaliste et mystique de nos ancêtres."

But how was Henri Ghéon to bring his Saints within reach of the faithful? Their dramatic stories were infinitely better reading than most of the stories in the weekly journals and on the stage.

Remembrance of the old "mystery plays" and "miracles" of the early Church offered solution. The Church has always "fathered" Drama. For instance, in the case of the de Menthon family, there was actually preserved the monastic manuscript of a fifteenth-century play about St. Bernard, deriving from one dating from a much earlier period. In an age when direct appeal is made mainly through spectacular effects—sky-signs, advertisements on hoardings, the cinematograph screen, and so on—"might it not be possible to project before the eyes of the 'peuple fidèle' . . . the figures of moral heroes who, in the dangerous battles of the soul, had wrought mightily and well"\* by means of Drama?

For Drama makes its unique appeal, by a unique method, straight to the heart. Granted that real union is established between player and spectator, the two are as one man. "La pièce n'est, et n'est vraiment, ne vit, et ne vit vraiment, toutes nuances mises à part, que lorsqu'elle vit dans l'être du public, comme elle vit sur le théâtre, et dans l'être du dramaturge, *sur le moment, au moment du contact*, lequel sera le plus étroit possible." In effect: "Il n'y aura de théâtre nouveau . . . que le jour où l'homme de la salle pourra murmurer les paroles de l'homme de la scène en même temps que lui, et du même cœur que lui."†

M. Ghéon not only wrote play upon play, dealing with the stories of Saints, but also lectured publicly about his aim, contributing articles to various secular and ecclesiastical journals.

He himself sums up his apostolate briefly in a conference on "les conditions matérielles et spirituelles de l'Art Dramatique" given at the Vieux Colombier. "Le spirituel mis à

\* *The Holy Order of Actors*: Thomas Schwertner.

† Jacques Copeau.

part, mais non détaché du reste, la principale occupation de ma vie est d'écrire des pièces et le les faire jouer."\*

In these plays, his object is so to familiarize us with the Saints that we know their life-stories as well as we know those, say, of Cinderella and Jack the Giant Killer. To make us realize once and for all that Saints were not born immaculate any more than we are, but were mortals "with like passions" to ourselves, that we may, the more readily, try to follow in their footsteps. In theory, we should probably concede this; in practice, we seldom apply it. This is partly due, of course, to the unsympathetic way in which, in the past, so many Lives of Saints were written, their biographers' sole object seeming to be to present their heroes in such a way that we felt we could not imitate them, and secretly believed we were the more agreeable for not doing so! Of late, all this has changed. The modern hagiographer tries to get under the skin of his Saint, just as he would try to get under the skin of his chief character were he writing fiction. Consequently, many Saints have emerged from closed cupboards into the light of day. Father Martindale's treatment of St. Aloysius Gonzaga is a case in point. He sets up real instead of artificial communication between the living man and the eternally living Saint.

The book of the play, unlike any other book, is bound, by dramatic laws, to make its mark at once or not at all. No turning of leaves here, or looking back, to make any obscure passage clear. "Au théâtre, un chat est un chat. . . . Le public, ayant payé ou non sa place, tient à comprendre ce qu'on dit, et à l'instant." The more amazing that such uncompromising truths as Henri Ghéon presents should capture that "everyday" British audience which, with the exception of the first night, and possibly the last, was represented at the Kingsway Theatre, London, during a fair run of *The Marvellous History of Bernard de Menthon*, which would have lasted longer had Catholics rallied, as they should, to its support.

In an age of self-indulgence and distorted "view-points," "foi mêlée et variable," as M. Ghéon says,

\* *Les Lettres*, Mars, 1925.



conventionalists were thrust into a world where spiritual ideals proved to be more powerful, weightier, than human ones. A world separated from this only by a glass, darkly, from which light, suddenly striking, shook men's souls. Bewildering experience. Guardian Angels and Saints here showed as real realities; not just as "sub-conscious allies behind the scenes," but paramount and in touch. When the potentialities and powers of darkness moved against us—permitted, if not willed, by God, to test us—they could answer our call. Prayer was an actual drawbridge between earth and heaven.

This in itself was startling, but there was something else even more startling still. Our Lady was to be seen, enthroned in glory between St. Gabriel, Archangel, and, for the time being, St. Nicholas, Bernard's Patron Saint, taking her place as the Mother of God, and appealing to her Son on man's behalf. What baffled the average man, accustomed to remember the Virgin Mary, if they remembered her at all, mainly in a poetical or pictorial aspect, was to find it so natural to accept her in the most practical of all lights, acting as intermediary between us and Divine Justice. . . . He thought, suddenly perhaps, how she had been chosen to carry "the Son of God, co-equal with the Father," one with the Father, under her tender heart, and may have wondered why Protestants were brought up to belittle or ignore one whom God Himself had supremely honoured. . . .

Henri Ghéon's apostolate spreads far and wide.

The finest of all his plays, in the present writer's opinion, *Le Centurion et la Grâce*—story of St. Genest, with its pagan setting—is to be put on at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham, early in this present January, with a view to its later production, if successful, in London. Henri Ghéon has lectured publicly in Paris and the provinces, as well as other countries, and contributed innumerable articles on the subject nearest his heart, both in lay and religious reviews and journals. His *Jeux et Miracles pour le Peuple Fidèle*, in two volumes, presents a series of plays which have been acted by different "patronages" all over

France, and in Switzerland and Flanders. *Saint Anne et le Recteur* was designed especially to be given at a Brittany "pardon." *Le Miracle de l'Enfant Bavard*, or a mystery with the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Chartres as background, would have been played at Chartres last year, during the ninth centenary, in honour of Notre Dame de Sous-Terre, but for the death of the Bishop of Chartres, which postponed the festival for twelve months.

*The Marvellous Story of Bernard* was given in the mountains of Savoy, with the ancient Château of Menthon, still inhabited by its legitimate owners, in view—the perfect setting, of which, in open-air performances, when feasible, M. Ghéon likes to avail himself. Rightly to celebrate the feast of the Patron Saint of a church, he thinks that upon "la place, après l'office," there should be given "un beau miracle en son honneur" as a matter of course, to spread devotion amongst the whole congregation. A matter of regret that, admirable as is the work both of the Franciscan Society of London and the Glastonbury Players, they have not apparently come upon Henri Ghéon's inimitable play, *La Vie Profonde de St. François d'Assise*, in five episodes, all dramatic, and some of exceptional beauty, or surely they would have performed it publicly.

As an example of its direct simplicity, take an extract from the scene in which the despised Francis Bernardone calls for human stones to help him renew the Church of Christ.

*François:* La place des pierres de Dieu est dans l'humilité, dans la pauvreté, dans la chasteté. . . .

*La Foule:* Merci! Merci! . . .

*L'Homme Simple, tombant à genoux:* Ramassez-moi, si vous le voulez bien, mon père. . . . Je ne suis pas de gros volume . . . mais pour boucher un trou? . . .  
(*Explosion de rires.*)

*François:* Dans la boue?

*L'Homme Simple:* Dans la boue.

*François:* Dans le froid?

*L'Homme Simple:* Dans le froid. Il faut que la maison soit relevée.

*François*: Il le faut, pour amour de Dieu. Je prends la pierre du Seigneur.

As passionate for Truth as ever Rivière was, equally sincere, but more courageous in his whole and loyal offering of self, in willing sacrifice, Henri Ghéon seems literally to "go from strength to strength" in public work. Overcritical, naturally inclined to pull every scruple to pieces to see what was behind it, Jacques Rivière "se contraignait à dégager son regard du 'sensible' pour le porter tout nu sur le mécanisme le plus caché et le plus délicat de son cœur."\* To him full spiritual revelation only came completely and wholly upon his deathbed. "Par un mouvement inverse," all M. Ghéon's efforts go to re-establish and revive "un art avant tout synthétique, simple, direct et populaire, à l'occasion enfantin."† Remembering how even St. Peter's net captures shrimps as well as salmon, he casts his individual line in God's name, and awaits a "bite." He has founded "les Compagnons de Notre Dame" at Montmartre "in a spirit of faith for the praise of and the exaltation of His Saints by means of art in the theatre . . . to act . . . Christian plays that have an artistic character . . . by non-professional actors of Catholic faith and practice," for the most part, though occasionally the services of professionals "whose faith and Catholic life are beyond question" will be used. "For the mere production of plays, shot through though they may be with Catholic ideals, will not suffice to lift the moral standard of the Drama"‡ which M. Ghéon has in view.

So long ago as 1916, he wrote concerning his conversion: "L'individu s'efface; le chrétien rentre dans le rang."

Of him, as of few others, this is true.

MAY BATEMAN.

\* *Hommage à J. R.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Commonweal*, August 11, 1926.

## ART. 6.—INDIA SINCE THE REFORMS

IN a paper entitled "From Talk to Trouble in India," I was permitted to give, in the DUBLIN REVIEW of 1911, an impression of conditions in India at that time, based largely on Sir Valentine Chirol's volume entitled *Indian Unrest*, and, to obtain a better light on the confused conditions of the present day, it may be as well to examine them in the light of past history, fairly recent as well as far remote. The lessons of history make no appeal to the Hindu, who has no historical sense and looks to his ancient mythology for the enlightenment of reason. In his belief, it is quite possible to create a self-governing, indefensible Hindu India, with the British and Musalim away, while Pathans, Afghans, Russians, Japs, Nepleses and other rude men accustomed to the use of arms, stay outside owing to the powerful effect of the Hindu Soul Force. Muslims, on the other hand, have always been interested in history, and though they are apt to be swept off their feet by waves of emotion, they and ourselves are capable of learning from the past. Before 1911—the year of the King-Emperor's great Durbar at Delhi—there had been considerable anti-British unrest in India, but it was mainly confined in those days to the Mahratta Brahmins of Bombay, Bengalis on the East, and Arya Samajist Hindus of the Punjab. The greater portion of India was untouched by these movements, which, it is interesting to note, were purely Hindu and entirely anti-British. The Mahomedans had no part in them, and such ferment as was in progress among them was solely due to nervousness lest, in answer to Hindu clamour, we should yield up so much of our own strength that the Muslims would find themselves placed to a great extent under the domination of those whom they had ruled for centuries. In brief, it may be said that they had no objection to our Government provided that we ourselves continued to govern. In those days, no doubt, as to-day, there was talk of Swaraj and self-government, but it is very essential to note that in all the three areas of unrest

the Swaraj and the self-government aimed at was to be Hindu and not Indian, and the very word Motherland, so constantly used by agitators, was taken from a Hindu novel depicting the Mahomedans as irreconcilable aliens, and meant the land of the Hindus. Moreover, although the motive power which supplied the stimulus to the movement was the English language and Western education, from which lessons and ideals of liberty and freedom had been drawn, it should not be imagined that at that time there was any real conception of the idea of an Indian democracy. In Bengal ideas of caste were as strong as ever, and the constant invocation of the terrible goddess Kali in her most sanguinary forms proved that to the masses the grossest and most cruel superstitions governed the social system. The Mahratta Brahmans of Bombay hankered after the old sacerdotal influence which they had enjoyed in the days of the Peshwas up to the last moments of the Moghul Empire, and their treatment of the Maharajah of Kohlapur proved their hostility to non-Brahmans, however exalted, who refused to accept their domination. In the Punjab if anywhere, democracy might have some chance of flourishing, but the Arya Samajists have in their religious book, the Satyarth Parkash, a definite programme laid down that they should be ruled by a Hindu King, who with his Ministers must be versed in the Vedas. Thus in 1911 the ideas that held the field were of Hindu non-democratic self-government, based on ancient or revised Hindu conceptions, and from such self-government the Mahomedans, viewed as aliens equally with ourselves, were to be definitely excluded.

Moreover, although even in those days there were euphemistic meanings attached to the word Swaraj, there exist very clear records showing what self-government meant to the Hindus who were asking for it. Sir Valentine Chirol has quoted in 1911 the views of Mr. Bepin Chandra Pal, who at that time counted as an "advanced" leader, though not among the revolutionary extremists. In these changed days he is classed as quite a mild personage, though he has not yet been knighted



like Sir Surendranath Bannerjee. He analysed the inevitable results of Hindu Swaraj with merciless logic, and it is well to realize what this absolute self-rule for which he asked would lead to. It is possible to give an extract only, but this is sufficient to give food for thought.

"We shall impose a heavy protective tariff upon every inch of textile fabric from Manchester, upon every blade of knife that comes from Leeds. We shall refuse to grant admittance to a British soul into our territory. We would not allow British capital to be engaged in the development of Indian resources, as it is now engaged."

Not all the members of the so-called Indian National Congress were imbued to the full by ideas of their more masterful colleagues, but the majority of the more balanced men have been incapable of resisting the irreconcilables and have followed feebly in their wake. It was under these conditions, then, that before the Delhi Durbar of 1911, Indian unrest of a definitely anti-British type was in existence, and manifested itself occasionally with assassinations and bombs, thus advancing from talk to trouble. At that time it was realized that the Indian National Congress was in no way representative of the Indian nation. It was almost entirely composed of Hindus of the Brahman and clerical classes, and was distinctly hostile not only to the lower castes, but also to the aims and ambitions of the agricultural castes which form the main bulk of the people. In 1911, while the Hindu Congress was talking and talking, and Hindu extremists were making trouble, there was no idea in existence that the British Government should in any way divest itself of any of its essential power. Mr. John Morley, a Radical of Radicals, did, as Secretary of State for India, arrange for increased Indian representation on the Councils in the time of Lord Minto's Viceroyalty, but he made it absolutely clear that he would be no party to any proposition for the establishment of an Indian self-governing Parliament. In his despatch of November, 1908, he laid down that it was an essential condition of the reform policy that the Imperial supremacy

would in no way be compromised. Lord Morley, at any rate, was under no delusion as to the conditions that existed in India, and his words are worth repetition: "We are watching a great and stupendous process, the reconstruction of a decomposed society. . . . We have in that vast congeries of people we call India a long slow march in uneven stages through all the centuries from the fifth to the twentieth."

It follows that up to 1911 the attitude of the British with regard to India was what it has always been since the Empire was forced upon us because of the break-up of the equally alien Government of the Moghuls. The duty was accepted of the administration of the country for the benefit of the people, and of ensuring the progress and prosperity of the conglomeration of races and tribes of varying religions. In earlier decades distinguished men like Sir Denzil Ibbetson won great fame with their Census Reports, and from their brilliant pages it was possible to gather a mass of information concerning the lives and habits of the peoples of India, and of the extraordinary subdivisions into which the country was broken up like a pavement of minute mosaics. Recently the cement of an alien language, English, and an alien system of Western education, has given a glaze of apparent unity to the fragments, and the increasing use of that language in India discourages even the British officials within the country from studying the people as thoroughly as did their predecessors. Further, if knowledge is limited in India itself, it is not reasonable to expect that dwellers in Westminster should realize how great are the lines of cleavage. Thus, even in the pre-war days, there existed for political purposes the curious alliance between British Labour Members and Indian Congressmen who, with their ideas of caste and belief in Brahman theocracy, really stand for everything which is an antithesis to Labour ideas. Under such conditions it is only natural that there would be few in England where men of all grades consider it their duty to fight for their country, who would grasp the fact that the army in India is recruited from a very small portion of the myriad peoples of the

country. The truth, however, is that one-sixth of the Indian troops are mercenaries from outside India proper, and one-half are taken from the 20,000,000 inhabitants of the Punjab, while one-third of the whole army comes from the remaining 300,000,000. The last one-third is easily made up out of a few isolated groups, Mahrattas of the peasant castes here, Tamils there, and some men from the centre of India and the Indian States. Millions upon millions now, as they have ever been during the ten centuries that have elapsed since the first Mahomedan invasion, are utterly incapable of their own self-defence.

However, in the Great War the limited classes of Indians accustomed to martial enterprises, led by British military officers and stimulated to recruit by British civil officials, surpassed all expectations, while the Indian States, as might have been expected from rulers whose ancestors owed their position to the might of their strong arms, threw their resources in men and money into the conflict. Thus to those who know nothing of India there was the position that Indians had done very well during the war and Indians were asking for self-government. The fact that the two classes were quite different did not occur to the ignorant. The Indian States certainly have not the least desire for anything which will make for democracy. In most instances the States like India, as a whole, are under representatives of small minorities, ruling races, which profess quite different religions from their own. At one end of India the Hindu Maharajah of Kashmir rules Mahomedans, and at the other end the Mahomedan Nizam of Hyderabad has a predominantly Hindu population to govern. Nor was there any desire shown by the fighting classes of British India for self-rule. Undoubtedly there was at the outbreak of hostilities a rush back to India of Sikhs from Canada and America, impelled by seditious and hostile advisers to return in the hope that if the British were weak, they would be able to reimpose the sovereignty of the Khalsa minority over the Punjab as in Ranjit Singh's days, and it was necessary to discourage such

factional ideas with the strong hand. Moreover, the Mahomedans of the Punjab and elsewhere, as has already been shown, even when educated, had no desire for any scheme which would put them under the influence of a larger Hindu vote, and the soldier classes had sufficient knowledge of the pre-British days not to desire a repetition of the chaos which then prevailed.

Still, there were the two factors. *Indians* doing well in the war, and *Indians* asking for self-government. Then, too, President Wilson must not be forgotten. His specific for the ills of humanity under all conditions was democracy. Although, for instance, he was informed that recognition of General Huerta as President of Mexico would give peace to a distracted land, he refused because the principles of democracy would be violated thereby, as Huerta had not been elected by the voice of the people. Though the war itself showed that only great combinations could ensure against aggression, he raised his voice in favour of self-determination for the weak, and at the time, it was desirable to placate him not so much that his aid was necessary to win the war but in order to shorten it.

Under the influence of sentiments like these the reward due to the fighting races of India was passed on to the talkers. Mr. E. S. Montagu had been a pupil of Lord Morley, but considered that he was wiser than that eminent man, and thus on August 20, 1917, he as Secretary of State for India announced the policy of gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India. There is an expression used by Mr. Montagu which is worth repetition. He once spoke of "*my profession of politician*." Certainly, as a professional politician he was most dexterous. A policy of such importance as the alteration of the Constitution of India should not have been rushed through in days when men's minds were fully absorbed with the myriad problems of the war. A little light has been thrown recently on the doubts that existed as to its wisdom, but soon all parties were manoeuvred into the position of having approved definitely

of the proposals. Mr. Montagu proceeded to India, and after some months' deliberations surrounded by politicians and leaving the villages quite unvisited, he and Lord Chelmsford jointly signed an elaborate report on "Indian Constitutional Reforms." The very wording of that Report proclaimed the need for the greatest caution. It was admitted that the great mass of the people did not want the boon that was being pressed upon them, but to this the argument that they ought to want it was made to appear sufficient. However, in 1919 the proposals passed into law.

To sum up, the anti-British clamour of non-democratic Hindus who aimed at Hindu, not Indian, self-government on monarchical and Brahmanical lines outside the British Empire has ended, owing to the assistance in war of Indian autocrats and Indian fighting castes, mainly Mahomedan, with a scheme for the establishment of an Indian democracy, all tribes and creeds on an equal basis, governing itself within the union of nations headed by the King-Emperor. The response was prompt and quite contrary to the expectations of the authors of the scheme. The majority of the Indian National party at once declared their hostility to the proposals, dubbing them as inadequate and disappointing, which was quite natural considering what the aims of that party were. On the other hand, most of the so-called Moderates remained silent. The passing of the India Act introducing the reforms came shortly on the heels of the termination of the war. The end of the war has always been a time of greater trouble than the war itself, and it should have been a time for greater caution. Revolutionary agents were vigorously at work, hoping to gain by intrigue something of what they had lost in war. The Government of India worked in a half-hearted manner. On the one hand, they took the advice of the Commission presided over by Mr. Justice Rowlatt, and brought in certain repressive legislation. On the other hand, they hesitated to take determined action, lest the atmosphere that would make things right for the reforms should in any way be disturbed. The other side had no such



hesitation. Taking the Rowlatt Act as a text—any other pretext would have done equally well for them—they, headed by Mr. Gandhi, raised a storm of agitation and organized the country for revolt. The brunt of the trouble fell on the Punjab. When Mr. Gandhi was turned back from Gurgaon, and prevented from entering the Punjab, the Delhi mob created trouble at the headquarters of the Government of India. After a show of energy on the part of local officials on the first day which presumably was rebuked by those in high authority, further conflict was avoided by leaving the city for seventeen days entirely in the possession of the forces of disorder, who continued to hold the upper hand until the strong action taken in the Punjab made itself felt in repercussion. Unfortunately the inaction at Delhi had already suggested that there would be similar weakness elsewhere. Consequently, when two of the most virulent agitators were removed from Amritsar, huge crowds surged out of that city towards the Civil Lines with evil intent. Driven back by troops, they murdered such Englishmen as they could find in the city, and handled severely Englishwomen. The rebellion spread to many places, and it is essential to note that while many places of importance were unaffected, every junction station between Lahore and the Frontier was the scene of outbreaks coupled with the taking up of rails, and the cutting of wires. When, a month later, the Afghans invaded India, there were many who rejoiced that the Punjab outbreak had gone off at half-cock in advance. Naturally an upheaval of this kind demanded vigorous methods, and they were forthcoming under the strong hand of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, with the result that peace was restored very promptly and punishment inflicted on the worst offenders within the shortest possible period. However, Lord Chelmsford, who, though Viceroy, had never paid any visit to the Punjab plains, and Mr. Montagu were more interested in their own bantling of reforms than in the sound administration of India, and as these reforms were intended for the benefit of the politically minded classes, it was obviously desirable from their point of view

that such classes should be placated, even though the actions of most of the extremists showed them to be irreconcilable. Instead, therefore, of the opportunity being taken of a close examination into the organization of the forces of anarchy, the connection between the internal rebellion and the Afghan invasion, the destination of large Bolshevik funds known to have been sent via Sweden about that time and the like, permission was given to those who led the Extremist party to rove over the Punjab and to make their own report as to the method by which the rebellion had been put down. Unfortunately General Dyer had to meet conditions of extreme anti-British lawlessness in Amritsar and had used very strong measures to cope with a most dangerous situation. Many opinions exist on this subject, but this much is clear, that the Government of India had full knowledge of what had happened, both from General Dyer's own clear report and other sources, and if Lord Chelmsford had any further misgivings on the subject, it was his duty to visit Amritsar and Lahore himself. Questions were asked in Parliament as to this very point, but were evaded by the reply that he had been stopping for five months within the Punjab. The clever answer might serve for Parliamentary purposes, but the comfortable seat on the Simla hilltop was not the equivalent of proceeding to the Punjab plains, the actual scene of the trouble. As it was, the Viceroy did depute leading members of the Government of India to the Punjab at the time, and he had further ample opportunities of obtaining fuller information when the Punjab Government itself moved up to Simla for the hot weather. Despite all the knowledge that the Government of India had on the subject, General Dyer was promoted and appointed to an important command during the Afghan war, and Lord Chelmsford might have been expected to resign rather than to allow General Dyer to be sacrificed.

However, in response to the clamour some six months later, a Committee presided over by Lord Hunter held an enquiry, six months later again it gave out its report,

and six months later still in October of 1920 the Government of India wrote a resolution in which every official who had had any serious work to do during the riots came in for some rebuke or other for offences of commission or omission. In doing this it went further than the majority report of the Commission ever suggested. The action of those who had stirred up the rebellion was lost sight of in the witch hunt of those who had worked so hard to put it down, and had been so successful in doing so that by the time the Afghan army had been put in motion, the enemies within India had been effectually cowed.

Moreover, the desire to placate the politically minded Indian was so great that criminals convicted of the most serious offences during the revolt were let out of jail, not after duly impressing them with the clemency of the powerful, but in order that they might attend the great meeting of the Congress at which it was hoped that the boon of progressive self-government would be made the subject of grateful speeches. The result, as might have been foretold by any with knowledge of history, of politics, and of Indians, was quite different. Flushed with victory, the politicians only thought of how much more trouble they could give to those who had previously recorded. "They are intellectually our children. The present intellectual and moral stir is no reproach, but rather a tribute to our work." The hotheads of the Hindu National Congress and of the Moslem League governed the situation from that time until the false alliance broke up under conditions for which the Government could take no credit.

A word must now be said about the position of the Mahomedans. Previous to 1911 they had practically kept aloof from the so-called National Congress, recognising that the whole tendency of the Hindu revival, social, political, and religious, was as hostile to themselves as to the British. Their main anxiety was lest under our rule, in which English education counted for so much, they should be swamped in the struggle for existence by the more nimble-witted Hindu. They had been grateful

for Lord Curzon's partition of Bengal, which had given their co-religionists of Eastern Bengal a chance of establishing themselves in a strong position in a province in which their numbers exceeded the Hindus. Unfortunately the announcement of the Delhi Durbar of 1911, reuniting the province again and putting Dacca for a second time in subordination to Calcutta, taught them that Hindu clamour was powerful enough to alter what had publicly been announced as a settled fact. They were again disturbed by the announcement of 1917. Despite the concessions granted to their minority, it was clear that more power must go to the Hindus. At the same time, though Indian Mahomedan soldiers had fought well and loyally during the war against Turkey, opportunities arose for intriguers to work among them, and the harsh terms imposed by the Treaty of Sèvres undoubtedly caused resentment among people already disturbed in their minds by the weakening which the Arabian upheaval had caused to the position of the Sultan as Caliph. Thus, a certain number at any rate, seeing the success of the Hindus, became malleable instruments in their hands, and the Hindus, for the time under Mr. C. R. Das agreed, by the Lucknow Pact, to make certain concessions to them. Of Mr. Gandhi it is almost impossible for Westerners to write. He was, is, and always will be to them a weird eccentric, but he combined his strange doctrines with asceticism, the wearing of practically no clothes, the public renunciation for marital purposes of his wife, and other things which would make no appeal in Europe. Thus, until found out, by the ill-success of his ideas, he was accepted as a Mahatma, and the common herd, both Hindu and Mahomedan, looked to him as a saint to achieve miracles. If a Mahatma foretold that within a year there would be Swaraj, millions of people who had not the least idea what Swaraj meant, but hoped that they would not have to pay taxes or rent to their landlords, were ready to believe him, and if at the same time the once all-powerful Government allowed him and his satellites to preach over the length and breadth of the land doctrines for the abolition

of that Government, it was clear that he must indeed be mighty. Viceroys, imbued with the Western theories of discussing problems with political opponents, invited him to stay with them and have long conversations. The Indian public naturally wondered when the date of the Viceroy's abdication and the advent of shipping enough to take away all the British from the country would be announced. Enormous subscription lists were opened, the very name of which, the Tilak Swaraj Fund, should have brought home to both British and Mahomedan memories of all that Tilak, the Brahman, stood for, as anti-British, anti-Mahomedan, and anti-democrat, but pro-Hindu, pro-Brahman, and pro-caste. The opportunities were, however, too good to be missed, and the Ali Brothers set up to be Maulanas to balance the Mahatma and large Khilafat and other funds were raised on all possible pretexts, of which at least seventeen lakhs disappeared, and other accounts are to be rendered in Heaven according to the explanation of one of the leaders. For a couple of years a most painful period existed in which not only was Government authority openly flouted, but the loyal members of Indian society suffered even more than the prestige of the British was suffering. In those days a former provincial Governor of great strength of character was asked by a loyalist friend what would happen if there was another outbreak, like that of 1919. He naturally replied that Government would be able to put it down again as before with the aid of reliable men like his interlocutor. The reply was a very definite one: "Sahib, we could not help you if we would, and we would not help you if we could," after the way in which men of his type had been let down like the officers of Government.

However, relief came at last, not from any action of Government in the direction of better administration, but from the inherent weakness of the foundation on which the whole Montagu-Chelmsford reforms had been based—the theory that India was one nation. There had been an unheeded warning in the Punjab in 1915, had anyone been on the outlook for portents. In the early part



of the war the credulity of the people was amazing, and they were capable of swallowing the most astonishing yarns. In the South-west of the Punjab the local Hindus, believing the news themselves, spread information that the Germans had landed at Karachi, and that the British had already started to leave the country via Bombay. It took a little time for the Mahomedans to assimilate the story, but when they did accept it, they decided that the time was obviously ripe for them to pay off old scores to the Hindus who, as traders and moneylenders, had made themselves obnoxious. They rose *en masse*, and until police and troops could be brought out to the area, which was out of the beaten track, they slew, robbed, and ravished cheerfully. Their feeling on discovering that the British power was still in existence was of resentment against the Hindus for having misled them into offences which they would never have dared to commit while the Government that they knew of was still in being. The literate in English throughout the whole of India form a very small fraction of the community, and though, to quote the illustrious authors of the 1918 Report on Constitutional Reforms, they have "by speeches and in the Press done much to spread the idea of a united and self-ruling India among thousands who had no such conceptions in their minds," there are hundreds of millions of the Indian population. For the moment, it is possible that the anti-British hatred that blinded people for a space may have made even the leaders conceive in their minds the idea of a self-ruling India that would be united. In the madness of those days everything seemed possible both in Europe and in Asia. However, whatever educated men might imagine, primitive people cannot be weaned from primitive thoughts in years or even in decades, and when Mahomedan preachers were allowed to declaim unchecked on the subject of immediate Home Rule in the Malabar country of the Madras Presidency, the Moplahs, like the poor deluded peasants of Jhang and Muzaffargarh above referred to, thought that it meant that the good time had arrived when they could go bald-headed for the local Hindus. On this occasion Govern-

ment were extremely slow to believe in the possibility of such a rude translation of its most laudable and high-souled notions, and their hesitation was reflected in their orders. In the India of the past this would not have mattered so much because officials were accustomed to act vigorously on their own responsibility in any emergency, but the results of the Hunter Commission were known to all India, and wise men considered it safest to do nothing without instructions from above. The results were appalling. The rebellion was not put down till nearly six months had elapsed. Thousands of Hindus were killed, and the sufferings of women and loss of property were enormous, while there were more than three thousand casualties among the misguided Moplahs themselves. Naturally the recriminations between the members of the two communities over this protracted affair caused rifts in the unnatural alliance between idolater and monotheist, and Hindu and Mahomedan gradually began to revert to their centuries-old antagonism. Proofs of the dissolution of Hindu-Mahomedan unity were soon forthcoming in various portions of the country in Multan, Kohat, Calcutta, Rawalpindi, and other places too numerous to mention.

The tension, serious enough owing to the various outbreaks, was aggravated by the reforms. In democracy it is votes that count, and this new idea brought a new factor into the Hindu world. Both when Hinduism was alone in India, and when the power of the Mahomedans was overwhelmingly strong, the rules of caste were rigidly maintained to protect the structure on which the whole society of the Hindus was based. If a man offended against the social system, he was degraded in caste, or if his offence was too bad, he became an outcast, an untouchable below all other Hindus, unless he himself solved the situation by becoming a Mahomedan during the régime of the latter. It is a terrible thing for any one, especially a villager, to find himself banned by all his whilom friends and relations, and to find the offices of the village menials refused to him, and thus the caste rules were not often disobeyed. During the régime of

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the British, however, the Hindus were faced by two missionary religions instead of only that of the Muslims, and although the process was a slow one, they were losing ground steadily at the expense of the others. At intervals sects of Hindus have arisen like the Sikhs, and the Arya Samaj which, in theory, at any rate, if not fully in practice, have preached the essential brotherhood of man. Some of the tenets of the Sikhs discourage all but a few, but the Arya Samaj can appeal to all. Some time ago they had promulgated the doctrine of Shuddhi, or purification, but only for the limited purpose of allowing individual backsliders to return to the fold. The reforms, however, set their minds thinking of reclamation on a much larger scale. In many places, and especially in the neighbourhood of Delhi itself, when the bigotry of the Mahomedan Emperors was very pronounced, villages, rather than lose their lands, arranged for a *modus vivendi*, by which half of their members became Mahomedans, and the other half retained their ancestral beliefs. As time went on, the former learnt more and more of the tenets of Islam, but naturally the influence of Hinduism continued. Sir Denzil Ibbetson in 1881 wrote a graphic description of these communities, which enjoyed in common the festivals of both religions, and took care to placate doubtful deities that might cause harm such as the smallpox goddess. To these the reforming Aryas turned their attention and preached the advantage of returning whole-heartedly to their own Hinduism, now that no Muslim tyrants were on the throne of Delhi to coerce them. Naturally these overtures did not pass unnoticed, and a swarm of mullahs and maulwis were sent out by the other side to hold their adherents within the fold and to preach to them so that they might know the tenets of their own religion more thoroughly. In days of democracy would-be voters must not be lost. Thus both sides became more and more embittered until, all trace of unity lost, a state of intermittent warfare prevailed throughout the length and breadth of India.

There have often been communal outbreaks during the period of the British administration in India, but if

in the past there have been sudden ebullitions of rage by one community against another, which took the authorities by surprise, there was seldom any delay in bringing such trouble to a speedy conclusion, and the sharp lesson taught in one place had its effect in keeping the peace elsewhere. But the Reforms, besides giving cause for strife, have in their very essence provided another reason why such disturbances have passed from the sporadic stage to the endemic. For several decades after the British had consolidated their strength after replacing the equally foreign Moghuls, themselves the successors of many other foreigners, the attitude adopted by Government was that it was its duty to administer the country for the benefit of the people, and to ensure the progress and prosperity under its guidance of the conglomeration of races and tribes with different religions entrusted to its charge. This attitude, half-despotic, half-benevolent, was quite reasonable under the conditions of the time. But now that since 1917 the theory of Indian nationhood has been adopted, and the idea of democracy presumes that the united Indians have leaders of their own who can influence the populace, Government, when faced with trouble instead of acting on its own with determination, makes appeals to those leaders to put matters right. Unfortunately as those whose aid is expected are either Hindus or Mahomedans, their assistance is apt to fail when most needed in a communal crisis, and Government intervention comes rather lamely after the worst has happened.

The position, then, is clear. By the medium of the English language and Western education we have introduced the idea of democracy among a people to whom the very conception is contrary to all that their social system stands for. Nevertheless, the small minority, educated in English in the various provinces of India, only able to communicate with each other through the medium of the foreign language, English, are able to cast the terminology of democratic theories into the teeth of those who in their own home are democrats, and thus have led on to the natural sequence that Western democrats must arrange for Home Rule for India. The

argument being theoretically sound, the principle has been already conceded by the announcement of August 20, 1917, and we are left to hope that one day India may proceed successfully to its promised goal of self-government. Nevertheless, events, since the boon was announced, have drawn attention to the difficulties that lie in the path, and it is essential that they should remain always in view. The argument is sometimes put forward that Indians can easily rule themselves because the Indian States bear witness to this. The Indian States are, however, not democracies, and, while we ourselves, whose claim to our position in India is the same as theirs—the right of the strong arm—are proposing to yield up power, it has not yet been suggested seriously that we should force the States to turn into democracies, and should ask the rulers, bound to us by treaties, to yield up their autocratic positions. As it is, the rulers of the States, being powerful autocrats, can and do use the finances drawn from their people to enforce such strong authority that protest by the subjects is impossible. A great many of the princes are as alien to the majority of their subjects as ourselves, and but for the strength of their position, backed as it is by the protection of the paramount power, they would be unable to hold their own. It would be easy to create more Indian autocratic States, and the idea has been mooted by certain writers in the past, but this would hardly be consonant with Western teaching, and would certainly be unpopular with the subjects of the proposed rulers.

The scheme of self-government must therefore be one for a democracy, and as Hindus are more numerous than Mahomedans, Hindus must prevail. But, as has been already pointed out, Hindu society is not democratic. It is based on the caste system, which suggests Khatri rulers governing the mass of the people under strict ties imposed upon them by the Brahman priestly class. Merchants, traders, shopkeepers, bankers, and the like are permitted a reasonable position in the social scale, and some of the higher ranks of artisans are tolerated to the extent that there are some Brahmins of comparatively



low rank who will deign to perform priestly offices for them, but the mass of the people, who in English society would fill the ranks of Labour, are kept in the lowest stage of degradation, and in some parts of India are not allowed to walk in the same street as those of higher birth. The signs of hope for a democratic future are of the faintest. The high-class Brahmans with the aid of the English language have adopted sufficient of the democratic patter to form alliances with the Labour Party at home, though their own behaviour to Indian labourers would be utterly revolting to British working-men's ideas. In Madras, where the arrogance of the Brahman has always been greatest, and consequently Christianity and Islam have been able to work among those whose own society counts them degraded, the non-Brahman has discovered the power of the ballot box, and has been able to vote himself into a certain amount of strength. Meanwhile, societies like the Arya Samaj, which is especially strong in Northern India, do argue in favour of the abolition of caste and the raising of the depressed classes to an equality with other Indians, but at present they are not able to do much against the wall of prejudice that exists throughout the country. They have been able to hold certain of the lower castes from going in rebellion against Hinduism towards Christianity or Islam, but the very suggestion that such human beings should be allowed to use the village well or to send their children to the village school is sufficient to rouse the local population in hostility against them. Moreover, their own professions on the subject of caste do not go for much where they themselves are closely affected. Here and there men are to be found who have no prejudices with regard to interdining and intermarriage, but, as a rule, the Aryas of the Punjab would rather marry among Sikhs or orthodox Hindus than seek unions outside the limited groups prescribed by caste custom for them. There can be no democracy in a society based by social rules on a foundation of disunion, and hopes that may be gathered from the above for a democratic future are but slight.

There are many communities in India other than Hindus and Mahomedans. At present the British Government sees to the welfare of Jains, Buddhists, Christians, Parsees, and many other sects, some of whom, though few comparatively in number, are of considerable importance. It is doubtful whether they will have their interests equally well looked after in a democratic world in which Hindus must predominate. But for a discussion of general principles it is sufficient to consider India as divided into Hindus and Mahomedans in the relation of three to one. It is obvious that if voting is to run on communal lines, which must necessarily be the case in all matters of vital importance to the two communities, the Hindu "Ayes to the Right" must prevail over Mahomedan "Noes to the Left." For of such is the nature of democracy, but it is not to be expected that the Muslims will endure this for long. Mahomedans in the Indian States presided over by Hindu rulers must obey those rulers who are there by virtue of the sword of their ancestors, which the progenitors of the Mahomedans had to submit to. But in the greater part of British India the Mahomedans were rulers for centuries. As in the Indian States they are prepared to acknowledge the succession of the strong to their own rule, but it is not reasonable to expect that they should be ready to be the underdogs of those over whom they lorded in the past. Moreover, they are fully aware that if the field was clear, there would be no need for them to remain down. The caste system of the Hindus makes for disunion, and what happened in the history of the past and would happen in the future was exemplified during the Moplah outbreak of Malabar. The Hindus, there, were far more numerous than their oppressors, but the high-caste men could not summon others of their religion to rally to their protection because their social rules were so strict that the low castes were not allowed in the same street with them. Moreover, while the Hindus are confined to the limits of India, Islam is a religion of many countries of Asia and outside, and recent happenings have strengthened the links that bind the disciples of the

Arabian Prophet together. To look no further, there are in Afghanistan and Central Asia hundreds of thousands of sturdy highlanders ready to take the least chance of swooping down into a country which on innumerable occasions of the past has provided loot for the casual and kingdoms for the permanent invaders. Against these what chance would there be for the sheltered souls, unaccustomed to produce one fighting man from a million of the population in certain areas? Sapped by disease, and a dietary largely devoid of vitamins, great provinces like Bengal, now most noisy in demands for self-government, could do nothing but yield again to the invader.

It is thus reasonable to assume from the numerous conflicts that have taken place since the policy of the reforms has been started, that if full self-government should eventually be granted, the two communities will fight out between them as to the meaning of that self-government, whether it is to be Hindu self-government or Muslim self-government. If the British army remains to prevent outsiders from entering India, the issue of the desperate conflict will be uncertain. If the Muslims can get aid, the result is without doubt. The only question that still remains is what other invaders from without are likely to take a hand, if the British are so cruel as to allow theories of self-government to reach their logical conclusions.

It will, of course, be argued that the boon bestowed on India was not to be Hindu or Mahomedan self-government, but Indian self-government, and that there is no reason why, as the better and more reasonable members of both communities gain control, they should not be able to adjust conditions until India becomes a harmonious whole. Apart from the suggestions already given as to the improbability of the theorists seeing the fruition of their hopes, history shows that religion is the most powerful factor in the creation of nations, and nowhere have the believers even of two sects of the same religion settled down until one has enforced its domination over the other. Great Britain is apt to lose sight of this fact because centuries have elapsed since the Protestants came

out top, and they have been able to practise tolerance for so long that tolerance appears to be the natural thing, and yet even to-day there are some minor disabilities for Roman Catholics which have not been removed. Recently Ireland attained Home Rule, but self-government in that little island was only accomplished by the simple process of dividing it into two. In each half the predominant religion made it clear that it was going to be supreme, and after some very unpleasant episodes, especially in the south, each has now settled down. Again in the Near East, the war exasperated the various groups, who, until then, had either dominated or accepted the dominance of the others, and the bitterness was so accentuated that the solution was found in wholesale expulsions of communities from one country to another until each has become homogeneous without aliens in it. These events occurred in countries professing different brands of Christianity, or at the furthest agreeing as to monotheism if separating on other vital points. But in India the gulf is between polytheist and monotheist, idolater and iconoclast. The theorist may dream of a day when the differences between the two may become trivial, but there are no practical grounds for his visions.

There are no reasons for alarm. It is true that the elections of 1926 have been fought out entirely on communal lines, Hindus recording votes for Hindu candidates, and Mahomedans for Mahomedans, but it is a good thing that the Indians themselves should have brought into prominence the essential elements which compose the India of to-day. Well-wishers of the country may now hope that it will no longer be necessary for Indians to call attention to such essential elements by massacring each other. It is no doubt pathetic to think of the amount of killing and wounding of Indians by Indians which has gone on since the reforms were introduced, but those who are pessimists should look to the City to see what financiers think of the situation. The fact that India stocks have appreciated to a pronounced extent in recent years makes it clear that although there may be a certain amount of the usual muddling

through, the British have no intention of leaving the unfortunate peoples of India to welter in the shambles of anarchy, which would be their fate if deserted by their real friends. The interpretation that has been given by many to the announcement of August, 1917, does not coincide, it must be remembered, with the principles laid down by Lord Curzon in introducing the Reform Bill that there should be no lowering of the standards of the Indian Civil Service, that the authority of the Central Government must not be impaired, that nothing should be done to weaken the British Raj to the multitudes, and that nothing should be done to encourage the belief that India can cut adrift by herself. These principles enunciated by the ablest Viceroy of recent years have to a regrettable extent been lost sight of, but it is desirable that they should be authoritatively repeated. There must, of course, be an increasing association of Indians in their own administration, but they and they only can possibly prepare the way for self-governing institutions and responsible government, and as riots, murders, and the elections of 1926 prove, there are but the faintest signs of a commencement in the right direction. The connection of the third party—the British Government and the British soldier—can only cease when religious bigotry has disappeared, the claims of caste have lost their meaning, the hearts of the people really incline to democracy, and the equality of man and the nations of the Indian commonwealth are equally fitted for that first step towards self-government, self-defence.

AUBREY O'BRIEN, C.I.E., C.B.E.



## ART. 7.—POST-WAR AUSTRIA AND ITS PROBLEMS

AUSTRIA has been given what amounts to a clean bill of financial health, and thus a step forward which reflects great credit alike on the League of Nations and the City of London has been taken in the economic reconstruction of Central Europe. It is, indeed, a paradoxical fact that the country which immediately after the War was the happy hunting-ground of speculators eager to batten on its dwindling kronen, and which as late as 1924 had to suffer a severe financial crisis, should now have one of the most stable currencies in Europe. Austria was the first experiment of the League of Nations in its rôle of financial saviour; when we think of the difficulties it had to face, it has been also the most successful, and that success is mainly due to the self-sacrifice of a people whose very virtues have been the cause of ill-repute among the Mrs. Grundys of Europe.

The Austrians, more particularly the Viennese, are dismissed as a light-hearted, careless, amiable people, and with the innuendo which sometimes becomes a rude assertion, that they are lazy, untrustworthy, and incapable. Could anything be further from the truth? The history of the Monarchy alone shows with what stubbornness they have defended their country against more than one invasion. Was Austerlitz the end of Austria? And did any race of aspiring barbarians ever show a grimmer tenacity in holding out against Napoleon than "the light-hearted masters" of a so-called decadent civilization? "The ramshackle monarchy," "the corpse," which we were told almost daily in the Press from August to November, 1918, was on the verge of collapse ("Austria's plight" was then the standby of every foreign sub-editor in London and the provinces!), fought to the end of the War on what was practically an empty stomach. When the elaborate German organization for feeding the people broke down, the Monarchy held on long after the people of its great cities were on starvation diet. It is one of

the most persistent fallacies of a dull world to believe that a polite person is insincere, and a charming person unreliable, and that a nation which boasts of its culture is backward on the battlefield and untrustworthy in the counting-house. In these resolute days it pays to be brusque, and if the Austrians were as rude as some of their neighbours, they might get easier terms in the money markets of the world. Even the greatest of Austrians has suffered from this tendency of the outside world to treat everybody who has lived between Innsbrück and Vienna as mercurial and superficial. "Don Giovanni" is still known in London as a "light opera," and it is only recently that the composer of the "Jupiter Symphony" is being treated with the seriousness given to the great masters. Vienna—so thinks the man in the street who does the Continent every year by travelling to Boulogne one Bank Holiday and to Dieppe the other—manufactures waltzes and exports musical comedies. Its most famous citizen is Jeritza, and its coffee is the best in the world; and its people are very popular because they are inefficient . . . and so on.

Surely no country in Europe has come through a more trying time since the War than Austria. When the Armistice was sounded the Austrian people were literally starving. Employers of labour have told me that they entered their works armed to the teeth, expecting every moment to be shot by workmen driven almost mad by hunger and disillusionment, and an Austrian friend of mine, who was lucky enough to obtain an appointment on the British Military Mission in Vienna towards the end of 1918, told me he would never forget to his dying day the faces of his family when he brought home to them his first portion of British army rations. The collapse of the old Monarchy was so complete that the machinery of government broke down. The old officials could not be found, and *novi homines* with scarcely any experience of government had to face the terrible responsibility of administering a State unable to feed itself, cut off from its natural markets, and surrounded by so-

called victorious communities which had problems of their own almost as bad as those of the defeated countries. Most English people are familiar with the amazing sights witnessed in Vienna when the krone slumped, and priceless works of art were bought up for a mere song, and Englishmen, Italians, and Frenchmen of the lowest classes lived in princely hospitality in the hotels-de-luxe of the old Imperial city.

The new Austria found itself burdened with a Constitution which, whatever its virtues may be, gave to Parliament an authority which made it very difficult to secure the ruthless determined administration which the economic, political, and financial situation demanded. Again, the Federal system gave to the provinces a financial autonomy which made it exceedingly difficult to impose effective taxation, and to control expenditure on some uniform plan. There was bitter strife between the Christian Socialists and the Social Democratic Party. There was always the danger of Bolshevism, and the fact that this spectre did not appear in any grave form on the Austrian banks of the Danube was due to the common sense of the Austrian people as a whole, and to the restraint shown by Socialist leaders of the type of Dr. Bauer. The new rulers of Austria, immersed in these grave internal problems, were virtually cut off from all contact with the outside world. They were isolated in Paris during the peace negotiations, and indeed their presence to the general public was recognized only when their emissaries appeared at St Germain to receive from the Allied statesmen the terms of peace. But if they were unable to get into touch with the other statesmen of Europe, they felt, owing to the geographical position of Austria, the fullest blast of the many storms which shook Europe after the peace—the Bolshevik revolution in Hungary and its sharp reaction, the strong nationalism of Italy which, later on, was to find expression in the action taken by Signor Mussolini in the South Tyrol, the Ruhr occupation, and the various financial slumps in Belgium, Poland, Italy, and France, which resulted in the inability of Austrian manufacturers to compete

in world markets with goods produced at a cheap rate rendered possible by a falling currency.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Austria seemed to be drifting slowly towards anarchy, and in 1922 the situation seemed desperate. The report of the Financial Committee of the League of Nations describes vividly the serious plight of the country:

Austria has for three years been living largely upon public and private loans, which have voluntarily, or involuntarily, become gifts, upon private charity, and upon losses of foreign speculators in the crown. Such resources cannot, in any event, continue to be so used. . . . The alternative is not between continuing the conditions of life of last year or of improving them. It is between enduring a period of perhaps greater hardships than she has known since 1919, but with the prospect of real amelioration thereafter—the happier alternative—or collapsing into a chaos of destitution and starvation to which there is no modern analogy outside Russia.

It was under these difficult circumstances that the League of Nations was prevailed upon to undertake the financial reconstruction of Austria. It was their first experiment in a field which has probably brought the League more lasting benefit than any of its other activities, and though all credit is due to the League officials, backed by the wise and statesmanlike support of the City of London for the ultimate success, the help given by the Austrian people themselves, and particularly the way in which their leading politicians and bankers submitted to the irksome rigours of foreign control, must not be forgotten. The scheme of reconstruction has taken eighteen months longer than the minimum period contemplated. It was 1926 before the League felt justified in giving the country its financial bill of health, and removing its Commissioner-General, Dr. Zimmerman. In the course of its task the League appointed two committees, a financial one appointed to deal with the Budget problems in August, 1924, and a second appointed in August, 1925, for the economic situation, and consisting of those able French and British economists, M. Rist, and Mr. Layton.

*Problem* This report gives a most admirable survey of the economic difficulties of Austria. Indeed, it was apparent that as long as Austria was cut off by impossible tariff barriers from her natural outlets the economic position of the new republic could never be assured. The Rist-Layton report caused some disappointment in Austria, for it was hoped that its publication would lead to concerted action by the great powers of Europe in favour of the removal of some of these barriers, and naturally great disappointment was felt in Vienna when nothing really drastic was done. But it is obvious that the removal of these barriers, comparatively easy at one time, is much more difficult now that the states in question, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia and others, have allowed industries to grow up under the protection of these tariff walls, as any attempt to demolish them would cause serious trouble in manufacturing centres.

The Layton-Rist report, however, does bring home the absurdities and dangers of an economic system which is injurious not only to continental, but also to British trade. Many new industries were created in Central Europe under the tariff network with the sole object of replacing undertakings which already existed in neighbouring countries. Thus the Layton-Rist report says:

Before the War, a characteristic example of the specialization of industry was presented by the spinning and weaving factories in Czechoslovakia and Austria. Most of the woollen and cotton-spinning mills were established in Austria; the weaving mills in Czechoslovakia. Since the War, Austria has established 5,000 looms in order to avoid the necessity of having her yarn woven in Czechoslovakia. In the same way Hungary has more than doubled her spinning and weaving capacity. Czechoslovakia, although equipped for this manufacture, has naturally had to reduce her own production. Another example is that of the Hungarian flour mills, which before the War were able to turn out about 20 millions of metric quintals. In 1924 they produced no more than 6½ millions, owing to the steps taken by the other states to mill their corn for themselves. The oil industry is another interesting case. The old undertakings, which were situated in Austria, supplied the whole Monarchy. After the dismemberment of the old empire, the firms concerned established fresh factories in several countries in order to preserve their markets.



The result is that to-day five or six factories supply what was formerly produced by three or four. The chemical trade is one among many others from which further illustrations of the same kind could be drawn. In all these cases capital has been expended in increasing the plant capacity of Central Europe, though the total demand remains the same or is actually diminished.

The Report also gives striking evidence of the diminution of international trade as a result of these customs barriers, and it concludes by pointing out that the problem is essentially a European one, saying:

In September, 1920, the International Financial Conference at Brussels demanded the restoration of at least that degree of freedom of trade which existed before the War, and two years later the Genoa Conference laid down the principle that "the territorial changes resulting from the World War should alter as little as possible the normal channels of trade." In view of the conditions that we have described, it cannot truly be said that these principles have governed the policy of Europe during these years of reconstruction.

It is not necessary to describe the means by which the League of Nations managed to restore with the support of the Austrian people Austrian finances, but so far as the financial aspect is concerned the experiment has proved a complete success. As Sir Arthur Salter said in an interesting article which he contributed to *The Times* when the League's Commissioner-General left:

In all other respects, except the length of time required for the attainment of assured stability, experience has surpassed expectation. Economic depression, indeed, remains, but though serious, it neither threatens the financial position nor, when the worst is said, involves an impossibly low standard of life. The hardships of the reformed period proved less severe than was expected. Indeed, the comparative depression that was felt in 1924 and 1925 proceeded rather from a comparison with the abnormal and largely fictitious prosperity of 1923, than with either the experience or hopes of 1925. Austria now has to proceed, doubtless, slowly and with difficulty, to deal with the various impediments to her full economic prosperity—but with the advantage of an "assured financial stability."

This, of course, does not mean that in no circumstances could

that stability be endangered. It means that the finances are now sound, and on a foundation which is in its nature stable and enduring.

I have been in Austria several times since the War, and have just concluded a visit through the whole country with the exception of the southern province of Carinthia. I was amazed on this last visit at the improvement in the appearance of the people, and at the way in which they are seeking to make the best of the world which the peace-makers left them. Germany, in a way, is more compact since the War, and if one leaves aside Silesia and the Corridor, it is doubtful whether the average German bothers much about the Treaty of Versailles. But the Austrian can no more forget the Treaty of St Germain than the psalmist could forget his right hand. Its clauses signified to him not the adjustment, but the extinction of an Empire, and it took away from him not only those ambitions and aspirations which centre round the word "Imperialism," but the coal which fed his fires, and the food which filled his larder, and the markets to which he sent his finished goods. Surely there is not a greater anomaly in Europe to-day than this small mountain republic weighed down at its eastern end by the great and historic city of Vienna, which once administered an empire, and now has to adjust its traditions and activities to existence within a country whose entire population is not more than 6,500,000. The general terms of the Peace Treaties are, of course, familiar to most people, who so far as Central Europe is concerned dismiss them with a shrug, laying the blame on President Wilson, or Mr. Lloyd George, or Dr. Benes, and hoping that somehow or other things will settle down. But it is necessary to see how these terms work out in the daily lives of the people to realize how heavy is the responsibility which lies on those presiding over peace conferences. Thus, Graz is a beautiful town, the capital of Styria, with the red tower of its fortress rising from the valley through which the Mur makes its tumultuous way. There is peace in the old courtyard of its Landhaus, with its Renaissance arches and arcades, just

as there is bustle in its Hauptplatz and market. But behind many a sedate wall there is tragedy, for here the retired officers of the Monarchy come to end their days, and as the pension of a General now works out at something under £150 a year in English money, one may have some idea of the terrible difficulties which many cultured men and women have to face in trying to maintain some of the amenities of existence. And youth as well as age has its hardships. A director of Messrs. Bohlen and Company, the great ironworks, told me of several young men, trained engineers and the sons of gentlemen, who have been compelled to work as ordinary mechanics in the Ruhr. There are no Dominions for young Austrians to emigrate to, and rigid barriers shut them out alike from the new and the old world. I inspected one of the large banks of Vienna and found one whole floor silent and empty where once a lucrative business was done. I went over factory after factory in Vienna, the Daimler works, the magnesite quarry in Styria, the works of Bohlen and Company, and the Steyr Motor Works, and I heard the same story at each—a loss of markets, a reduction of employees, a heavy unemployment burden due to the parcelling up of the Monarchy, and the tariff walls raised by the neighbouring states. And as if these troubles were not enough, every now and then there comes some special disturbance like the financial crisis in Poland and the fall of the franc, to lead to dumping, and to force the Austrian manufacturer once again to revise his prices.

I am mentioning these facts not for the purpose of pitying Austria or of suggesting that the country's future is hopeless, or that the Austrians themselves are filled with despair, but mainly to point out how high in the face of such conditions has been the achievement of the new republic in stabilizing its currency and balancing its budget. Currencies are never stabilized, and budgets are never balanced up these hard post-war days, except by considerable self-sacrifice, incessant labour, and determined saving.

The Austrians, like ourselves, have had to undergo more than one disappointment before they stood on the

secure footing of a steady currency. That they are working hard is clear to anyone who visits their factories and talks with their directors. The industrial strife which came with the despair of 1919 has practically vanished, and the relations between employer and employed are infinitely more friendly than those prevailing in this country, which, unfortunately, is perhaps not saying very much. And if they are busy in the factories they are still busier in the fields. I had the honour of meeting Dr. Hainisch, the President of the Republic, in the famous room of the Ballplatz where Count Aerenthal used to receive the Ambassadors, and he himself, a practical farmer, told me how remarkable had been the progress of the country in this respect. Austria, which at one time was expected to produce only about 30 per cent. of her food supplies, is now producing more rye, oats, and potatoes than she can consume, 90 per cent. of her barley, and 50 per cent. of her wheat, sugar, and cattle. And as for savings, the total in the Savings Bank at the beginning of this year was about 564,000,000 schillings as against 268,000,000 at the end of 1925.

y In other directions, too, the Austrians are doing all in their power to use their limited resources to counter-balance the riches of which the Peace Treaty deprived them. Thus, owing to the high price of imported coal, they have been developing the water-power of the country. During the past six years fifty-four high-power stations have been erected at a total cost of 300,000,000 schillings, a third of the cost only being borne by foreign countries. In travelling through Austria the eye perpetually sees a thin silver streak threading its way down the mountain-sides. The streak is water rushing on its way to make electricity. I visited one of these power stations at New Felden, in the beautiful country to the north of Linz. This station serves Linz, Enns, and even Vienna with electric light. The water comes from a lake which to some extent had to be remade for the purposes of the undertaking. In the whole of this important station there are only some forty men employed, and in the generating department itself there were only two men

standing in a room which somewhat resembled the bridge of a battleship. By means of an elaborate electric signaling system these two were able to control every movement, and to notice instantaneously any defect. What a comparison is this system, so noiseless, clean, swift, and efficient, compared with the cumbersome methods by which we in England utilize our coal, and what possibilities it opens up to mountainous countries!

The effects of these undertakings are incalculable, for not only are they providing work for some of the enormous army of unemployed, but at the same time they greatly assist industry through the cheapening of motor power. It has been estimated, indeed, that the annual saving in coal amounts now to almost one million tons, or a sixth of the quantity of coal that Austria has to import annually from abroad.

Then there is the concerted effort being made, thanks to the initiative of Baron Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister in London, to make Austria another, and incidentally a much cheaper, Switzerland, and to bring tourists—particularly the English tourists—to enjoy the country's ancient and spacious cities, pleasant valleys and mountains, the highest and most forbidding of which cannot hide a curious friendliness almost as winning as that of the people who live at their feet. The world, as a whole, is only beginning to realize the enormous possibilities of tourist traffic. Italy before the War used to pay the interest on her national debt from what she received from visitors, and in France it is calculated that the foreigner brings into the country with him on his holiday a sum which in the aggregate amounts to some 70,000,000 sterling yearly. The Austrians are now beginning to ask themselves why their attractive mountain republic does not obtain some benefit from this rich harvest, and if the Austrian authorities should succeed in their attempt to make London a great propaganda centre for Austria as a tourist resort, they may succeed some day in making Austria almost as popular as Switzerland. In my travels I found the hotels, on the whole, excellent, distinctly cheaper than those of Switzerland, and infinitely



cheaper than those of England. In Vienna, Salzburg, the Semmering, and other cities and well-known resorts, the best hotels are as good as any in Europe. I was particularly struck by some of those at the Semmering—huge palatial establishments with baths attached to most of the bedrooms, charming private sitting-rooms, and balconies, and food which, if not elaborate, was exceedingly well cooked. In some of the smaller villages the pensions are most comfortable and ludicrously cheap. Thus at one at Zell am See my total bill for food and bed came to less than 7s. a day. In one or two large hotels in Austria there was a certain amount of mild extortion, but in others I seldom had to pay more than 12s. 6d. to 15s. a day, including all meals, and with a large bathroom attached to my bedroom. The two great glories of Austria, surviving the break-up of the Monarchy and the loss of an empire, are the coffee and the beer. It is remarkable to find in the least pretentious inn in the smallest of villages coffee as good as the best in an up-to-date Vienna restaurant. And after a long day on a dusty road—the Austrian roads are dusty though quite suitable in other respects for motor traffic—what is there more refreshing than a long cool glass of Styrian beer?

x Finally I might mention the bold attempts of the present municipality of Vienna to solve its grave housing problem. I am not a Socialist, and my appreciation of the labour of Dr. Breitner and his Socialist colleagues in the Vienna council chamber is not an uncritical one. But at the same time, if people will be Socialists, let them be constructive Socialists, and whatever may be said about the methods by which the money is raised for building houses in Vienna, it is something to the credit of the council that the houses are being erected, and that on the whole they are remarkably commodious and pleasant dwelling-houses. The whole problem of rents which has agitated Central Europe ever since the end of the War is a particularly vexatious one in Vienna. Rents were fixed by law on a pre-war basis in nearly all those countries with some curious results. Thus I remember an eminent Polish politician telling me that in Posen the

rent he paid for his handsome flat per annum was less than the price paid for a pair of boots. In Vienna the fixing of these rents at what, of course, is an absurdly low figure from an economic point of view has led to furious quarrels between the Christian Socialists and their left opponents, the Social Democrats. It has brought serious hardship to owners of property. It has impoverished many members of the middle classes. It has postponed repairs, and it has seriously injured credit owing to the inability of obtaining mortgages on property. On the other hand, it has eased a very difficult labour situation by enabling workmen to live in houses at low rents, and to that extent has also benefited industry, tending to reduce the cost of production. The Socialists claim that by their rent law and by their own housing schemes they have solved the problem which, if it had not been done, might have led to real trouble. I inspected many of the new houses which they have erected on the outskirts of Vienna, and certainly they are impressive—huge, enormous blocks resembling a Roman amphitheatre with a courtyard and miniature lake in the centre, and tiers upon tiers of commodious flats consisting usually of three or four rooms with hot and cold water, electric light, and gas stoves and communal bathrooms and laundries in the basements below. All the houses were spotless, and there are always inspectors on the look-out to find anyone leaving pieces of paper about. It is Socialism *in excelsis*, but when one thinks of St Pancras or the Grass Market in Edinburgh, even the most reactionary of Conservatives cannot but feel a certain sneaking admiration for Dr. Breitner. The old Austrian bureaucracy ran all those communal institutions like children's hospitals and homes for the aged with remarkable efficiency, and in that respect their successors are carrying on with considerable success these undertakings.

In approaching the problem of Central Europe, there are two considerations which Englishmen, I venture to suggest, ought to keep in mind. In the first place, there is always going on that struggle between the civilized and the barbarians which has been raging for centuries.

In that immemorial struggle there is surely no doubt which side Austria has taken. If Vienna stands for anything, she stands for a great tradition of government and culture, for the maintenance of order in a world disturbed by racial and national passions, and for the dissemination of the light of civilization in a world darkened by angry prejudices and fears. Vienna was once to the countries of the Danube what Rome was once to the ancient world, and surely no one wants another decline and fall. It is possible, of course, that Austria may find her economic burden too great to bear, and that the overwhelming trend of economic laws may force her to join up in some kind of union with Bavaria, if not with the rest of Germany. Her most serious problem is unemployment, which at the worst season of the year tends to reach 300,000 in a population of 6,500,000. Ringed round by Protectionist states whose new industries are not so much a source of national strength as a symbol of national pride, Austria is already showing some response to that "Anschluss" movement which has made undoubted strides ever since the French retired from the Ruhr. On the other hand, I found much stronger opposition to the union with Germany than I had expected. But in whatever combination Vienna may find her place, surely it is essential that a city gifted with so much beauty, such culture, and such traditions should remain a bulwark of civilization, rather than a monument to a civilization which has perished. There are so many raw and ignoble forces now working in the world that we could ill-afford to let fall into decay this noble centre of the arts and orderly government.

The second consideration is that Austria and England have to their credit a long and honourable friendship which was strained, not broken, by the War. What miseries the world would have been spared had that friendship proved strong enough to overcome the timidities, mistakes, and suspicions which were to range Downing Street and the Ballplatz in opposite camps after the Sarajevo murder! I never pass through Ischl without wondering what might have happened if only the wise

diplomacy of King Edward had succeeded in sowing that political and diplomatic harmony which the friendship of the past and the exigencies of the present so ardently demanded. There has been so much condemnation of Count Aehrenthal and his successors that sufficient allowance has not been made for the mistrust with which Austro-Hungarian statesmen regarded England ever since the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and the markedly pro-Russian line then taken by so many of our leaders. Let the past, however, be forgotten. The Austrians, I am sure, are ready to forget it.

Everywhere English people are received not only with the politeness for which the Austrians are so deservedly famous, but also with a special cordiality which makes life for the Englishman there very pleasant. And the greatest service an Englishman can render to the Austrians is to recognize the fact that though they are poor they are not despairing, and that if they need help they are also most anxious to help themselves. Once the most easy-going nation in Europe, they have grappled bravely with a problem of appalling difficulty, and have done all in their power to make the statesmanship of 1919 less narrow and stupid than at first sight appears. If they do not succeed in convincing us of the foresight of the wise men of Paris, at least they may win our admiration for the way in which they are seeking to make the best of a bad job.

N. F. GRANT, C.B.E.

## FOUR SONNETS

"QUONIAM TU ES PATIENTIA MEA, DOMINE!"

(Ps. lxx. 6)

**T**HOU art my Patience,—let me not complain  
But bear monotony, grey, dull and hard,  
The tasks distasteful of Time's prison barred,  
And misery of blinding mental pain :  
The hurts from others, coldness and disdain  
That pierce afresh my shrinking heart deep scarred,  
In the dark hours when Heaven lies black, unstarred,  
And all my going is against the grain.  
In the dark hours,—those even Thou didst know,  
Though Thou art God, the Garden saw Thy strife  
And weight of suffering crushed Thee there so low  
To draw from Thee red Blood with its keen knife :  
Be Thou my Patience then, since Thou didst go  
Patient, to pain's extreme,—Thy yielded life.

## A SONG OF SILENCE

**I**SING Thee Blessèd, clear the sound doth shine  
Before Thee, like a jewel sparkling bright;  
I sing Thee Blessèd, through the sleep of night  
Burns glowing frankincense of praise divine;  
I sing Thee Blessèd, all this heart of mine  
Yields Thee its love and fain would pierce the height  
Where Thou dost shroud Thyself in dazzling light,  
Deaf to my song, and giving me no sign—  
Now my hurt soul, dumb voice to silence lain,  
Will make of wounded love a funeral pyre,  
And out from its stilled depths one note again  
Shall leap to Heaven, flame of life and fire,  
Into Thy music shall it burn its pain,  
Great Melody, Thou End of all desire!



## FIAT LUX!

GOD, Who has need of neither night nor day,  
 Eternally Himself, ere these were made,  
 In being's order by His Power arrayed  
 Called forth the light, to shine with piercing ray:  
 Through the black gloom, with swift compelling way  
 Came the bright Conqueror, in pomp displayed.  
 Coward darkness fled before his flashing blade,  
 And shadow yielded to his brilliant sway.  
 Our Lady bowed to the Divine decree,  
 And Christ shines evermore in glory bright  
 Lanterned around by our humanity  
 Once kindled in her maiden splendour white:  
 Then, praise to God and Mary always be,  
 From virgin darkness sprang the Light of Light.

## THE CHALLENGE OF MARY

*"Quomodo fiet istud?"*

THE Angel praised her, but she bade him stay,  
 Unheeded was his reverent homage paid,  
 Her virgin challenge swift before him laid  
 Did set her fear in battle's brave array:  
 Thus pondering in her heart to find the way,  
 "How shall this be?" she asked, nor was afraid  
 —(Lest this should mean no more would she be maid)—  
 To question God, perchance to say Him nay.  
 He Who gave life, and breathed it into man,  
 Needs not from man His human life to take,  
 Listen, sweet Mary, fear not, this God's plan,—  
 Of Thy pure body He His own will make,  
 Thy "fiat" shall remove His ancient ban,  
 Immortal Life in Thee shall mortal wake.

T. M.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### SHORT NOTICES

(Books marked with an asterisk are reserved for further mention.)

#### RELIGION, THEOLOGY, ETC.

*The Four Mysteries of the Faith*, by Mgr. Kolbe. Longmans. 6s.

This is an admirable little book, most valuable for purposes of instruction. Mgr. Kolbe's four Root-Mysteries are the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the Church, the Holy Eucharist. Ancient truths are treated with attractive freshness, and the Right Rev. author is endowed with the gift, infrequent among theologians, of perceiving exactly where the philosophical shoe pinches.

*Thoughts on Religion*, by Samuel Shattock, F.R.S., F.R.C.S. Kegan Paul. 6s.

These "Thoughts" of the late well-known surgical pathologist are informed by a deep and thoughtful piety. They are published in accordance with instructions left in his will.

*The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul* (Part II.), and *The Paradise of the Faithful Soul* (Part I.), by Blossius. Burns Oates and Washbourne. 3s. 6d. each.

These two new volumes of the works of Abbot Blossius are edited by Fr. Bernard Delaney, O.P.

*Ecclesiastical Training*,\* by Cardinal Bourne. Burns Oates and Washbourne.

*The Theology of S. Paul*, by Fernand Prat, S.J. Translated from the eleventh French edition by John L. Stoddard. Vol. I. Burns Oates and Washbourne. 15s.

Père Prat's "Theologie de S. Paul" has already won an assured place, both for learning and spiritual insight, among the works produced by the comparatively new school of critical French theologians, and Mr. Stoddard should be warmly thanked for this excellent and scholarly translation. In one of his conversations with Eckermann, Goethe insists on the high importance in the international republic of the mind of the work of translation. How much greater its importance for the citizens of the world-wide Kingdom of Christ!

*The Philosophy of Francis Bacon*, by C. D. Broad. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. Paper bound.

Dr. Broad's address delivered at Cambridge at the celebration of the Bacon Tercentenary, October 5, 1926.

*Veritas*. La Vie chrétienne raisonnée et méditée. R. P. Régis Gerest, O.P. Paris (v. 1). P. Lethielleux. 10, Rue Cassette. 16 frs.

*Thoughts for Mental Prayer*, from Holy Scripture and the Liturgy, by a Dominicaness of Carisbrooke. Sands. 2s. 6d.

*A Primer of Moral Philosophy*, by the Rev. H. Keane, S.J. Catholic Social Guild, Oxford. 2s. 6d.

A short text-book of moral philosophy by the English Provincial of the Society of Jesus, which should be of great assistance to students beginning the subject.

*The Catholic Negotiations, 1717-19*. St. Anselm's Priory, Washington, B.C., 1926.\*

*The First Age of Christianity*, by Ernest F. Scott, D.D. George Allen and Unwin. London. 5s. 6d.

The Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary of New York intends this book as an introduction "to the study of Christian origins from the modern point of view." He aims at presenting in brief compass and readable form the main conclusions of contemporary New Testament criticism. Although described by his publishers on the book's jacket as a "Protestant Modernist," Dr. Scott, if modernist he be, certainly belongs to the Right wing of the party. The two pages (pp. 87 and 88) in which he discusses the event of the Resurrection render that plain. Catholics may profit by this book, which is devotional in tendency and scrupulously fair in treatment, though, of course, quite inadequate in the light of Catholic theology. But surely the greater includes the less.

*Transition*,\* by Edwin Muir. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

*Irony*.\* An Historical Introduction, by J. A. K. Thomson. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

*The Lyfe of Saynt Radegunde*.\* Edited, from the copy in Jesus College Library, by F. Brittain, M.A., of the same College. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.

*The Father of the Church in Tennessee*, or the Life, Times, and Character of the Right Rev. Richard Pius Miles, O.P., first Bishop of Nashville, by the very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O.P. The Dominicanana, 487, Michigan Avenue, N.E. Washington, B.C. F. Pustet Co., 52, Barclay St., New York. 1926.

An invaluable contribution to the history of the origins of Catholicism in the United States. Apart from the intensely interesting biography of Bishop Miles, the story of the foundation and early days of the Catholic State of Maryland, the earliest State in the world to practise complete religious toleration, is well worth reading.

*Richard Kane Looks at Life.* A philosophy for youth, by Irwin Edman. Constable. 6s.

Mr. Edman has a good deal of sense and writes pleasantly. "Richard's Kane's" problems are, of course, peculiarly American, that is, in their setting, but he has his European analogues. His solution of the religious problem is that "God is found in the longing for Him. It is the longing that is God." This is beginning to sound old-fashioned in Europe. Please note, New York!

*Hogarth Essays.* Second Series. *Rochester*, by Bonamy Dobree. 2s. 6d. *Catchwords and Claptrap*, by Rose Macaulay. 2s. *Composition as Explanation*, by Gertrude Stein. 3s. 6d. Leonard and Virginia Woolf. 1926. See review, p. 156.

*India under Lord Ellenborough, March, 1842-June, 1844.* A selection from the hitherto unpublished papers and secret despatches of Edward, Earl of Ellenborough, edited, with an Introduction and Appendices, by Sir Algernon Law. John Murray. 10s. 6d.

Sir Algernon Law publishes the papers and despatches of his uncle, the second Lord Ellenborough, in vindication of his policy as Governor-General of India. It is matter of common knowledge that Lord Ellenborough opposed, and finally brought about the fall, of the East India Company, and made bitter enemies by doing so. "The impeachment of the second Lord Ellenborough, the Governor-General of India, before the bar of history by the writers of 'lives,' diaries, political and partisan lampoons and pamphlets masquerading as honest history books, has continued for eighty years." Now for the first time the elements of the problems which the Governor-General had to solve are laid before the public, and his conduct and motives clearly set forth.

*The Week.\** An essay on the origin and development of the seven-day cycle, by F. H. Colson. Cambridge University Press. 5s.

*A Road to Fairyland*, by Erica Fay. Putnam's Sons, Ltd., London and New York. 5s.

A charming present for a little one.

*Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury*, by William Holden Hutton, D.D., Dean of Winchester. C.U.P. 8s. 6d. See review, p. 129.

*The Catholic Schools Hymn-Book*. C.T.S. 3s. See review, p. 136.

*Apostate*, by Forrest Reid. Constable. 10s. 6d. See review, p. 134.

*The Right Honourable Sir Mortimer Durand*, by Sir Percy Sykes. Cassell. 25s. See review, p. 133.

*Plato's American Republic*, by D. Woodruff. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. See review, p. 137.

*The Shadow of Mount Carmel: A Pilgrimage*, by William Force Stead. Cobden Sanderson. 15s. See review, p. 141.

*The Poetry of Our Lord*, by C. F. Burney. Clarendon Press. 15s. See review, p. 144.

*Jésus devant la Critique*, par Paul Buysse. Beyaert, Bruges. 15 frs. See review, p. 152.

*De Bonitate et Malitia Actuum Humanorum*. Auctore V. Cathrein, S.J. Museum Lessianum. Desbarax, Louvain. See review, p. 153.

*Civilization or Civilizations\*: An Essay in the Spenglerian Philosophy of History*, by E. Goddard and P. Gibbons. Constable. 7s. 6d.

*Luis de Léon\* (A Study of the Spanish Renaissance)*, by Aubrey Bell. Clarendon Press. 30s.

*Alphonso the Sage and other Spanish Essays\**, by J. B. Trend. Constable. 12s.

*A Call to Order*, by Jean Cocteau. English version. Faber and Gwyer. 6s.

The French language, as M. Cocteau explains, does not unwind itself or flow like Italian, but dovetails into itself. It is always light, compact, starlike, and tightly packed, like a snowball. In spite of these difficulties, Mr. Myers' translation of this brilliant and epigrammatic book is very good. Presumably, his mis-spelling of Baudelaire's name—only once spelt right, I think—is a printer's error. But it is a blot on a work so beautifully got up and printed. The recent conversion of M. Cocteau is in the memory of all of us.

*The Spiritual Armour\**, by St. Catherine of Bologna, together with *The Way of the Cross*, by Blessed Angela of Foligno, translated with Introduction by Alan G. McDougall. *Contemplative Prayer\**, by Père De La Taille, S.J. Translated by a Carmelite Tertiary. 1s. each. Burns Oates and Washbourne.



*Synopsis Evangelica Græce*,\* by M. J. Lagrange and C. Lavergne, O.P. Barcelona. 1926.

*Tabulæ fontium Traditionis Christianæ ad annum*, 1926,\* by J. Creusen and F. van Eyen, S.J. Louvain, 1926. Ten full pages and map.

*The Judges in Ireland*,\* by F. Elrington Ball. Murray. 32s.

*The Papacy and the Kingdom of Italy*, by Humphrey Johnson. Sheed and Ward. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Johnson has written in this handy volume a simple and succinct résumé of the Roman Question of the last sixty years. A bird's-eye view like this must leave plenty still to be said, but within its limits the little book is excellent.

*Old Testament Meditations*, by the late Fr. Maturin. Edited with an Introduction by Maisie Ward. Sheed and Ward.

A great debt is owed to Messrs. Sheed and Ward by Father Maturin's many friends and admirers for this book.

*The Life of Francis Thompson*,\* by Everard Meynell. Fifth and revised edition. Burns Oates and Washbourne. 6s.

*The American Civil War*,\* by David Knowles. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.

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## BOOKS REVIEWED

*Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.* By William Holden Hutton, D.D., Dean of Winchester. Pp. xii + 316 + 5 plates. Cambridge: At the University Press. 8s. 6d. net.

**D**R. HUTTON'S *Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury* was first published in 1910, but this, the second edition, has been not only revised but enlarged. As it stands it is an admirable biography, a book which one finds it hard to put down unfinished. St. Thomas has indeed been happy in his latest biographer, for Dr. Hutton writes most sympathetically of one whom he describes as "incomparably the most popular English hero of the Middle Ages, [one who] was a hero because he was regarded as a saint." This, of course, does not mean that he is of the same mind as the saint on all the many points of difference between the latter and Henry II—e.g., the relations between Church and State as laid down in one of St. Thomas's letters written during his exile: Dr. Hutton makes himself perfectly clear on this point.

Still less does it mean that he sees no faults in his hero. He tells us that St. Thomas was "violent, impetuous, resentful of injuries, impatient in opposition, bitter in tongue, stubborn in heart"; but, he goes on to say, "the conception of saintliness which involves impeccability is utterly foreign to the Christian idea; still less is it consistent with Christian history that one who is considered a martyr should have lived a whole life of holiness." Dr. Hutton tells us too of the saint, after his consecration, going to Merton Priory and there, putting off his rich dress, assuming the habit and mode of life of a canon regular; of his wearing under his outward dress a rough garment of sackcloth; and, more striking by far in one not over prone by nature to humility, of his daily washing the feet of thirteen beggars, and then, after giving them a good meal, sending them away with a gift of money.

His struggle with the King began, as he had foreseen, not long after his consecration. The chief points of dissension are summed up in what are commonly known as

the Constitutions of Clarendon; and Dr. Hutton notes that of these matters all save two, which would have prevented appeals to the Holy See, were allowed somewhat later to Philip Augustus of France. On the point which has chiefly attracted the attention of English historians, the double punishment of criminous clerks, either St. Thomas was utterly wrong—though all one's sympathy is with him—or the deliberate handing over of degraded clerks, Cranmer for instance, to the secular power by ecclesiastical courts is inexplicable.

But, though all the trouble began with the *avita consuetudines* claimed by the King, the learned Dean makes it quite clear that the archbishop was not murdered for them, but for a purely spiritual matter—his refusal to withdraw a sentence of excommunication at the bidding of laymen. And that he was right in this is a matter not admitting of discussion: it explains his canonization. That he also became a popular hero is readily understood by those who appreciate what manner of man Henry II was.

Dr. Hutton has produced in a small compass an excellent Life of a very great man; he has based his work absolutely on original authorities, in the use of which he has shown great discretion; and, when one remembers the nature of the distinguished position he holds, the fairness with which he sets out his facts is notable. Even in these days a new edition should soon be called for, and we hope that it may be.

E. B.

*Calendar of the Patent Rolls preserved in the Public Record Office. Edward VI. Vol. iii. A.D. 1549-1551. Pp. 437. London: His Majesty's Stationery Office. 30s. net.*

**R**EGARDING the ecclesiastical changes which followed the accession of the boy king Edward VI, Mr. S. R. Gardiner noted that "in 1547 a fresh blow was struck at the devotions of the people. In the churches—by the order of the Government—there was much smashing of images and of painted glass bright with the figures of saints and angels. . . . [Parliament] also passed an Act vesting in the reigning King the whole of the chantries and other like

foundations which Henry had been permitted to take but which he had left untouched. Cranmer, indeed, would have been glad if the money had been devoted to the relief of the poorer clergy, but the grasping of the laymen was too strong for him." A number of entries in this volume of the calendars, prepared under the superintendence of the deputy keeper of the records, attest the truth of Mr. Gardiner's words.

There are grants galore of lands or the rents of lands which had belonged to chantries, free chapels, and guilds; among them it is interesting to note a couple, of small amount, made to the Lady Mary, the King's sister and successor. And as would be expected, the endowments of chantries and guild chapels were not the only objects of attack; those providing for the service of the churches chiefly in the matter of lights for the altars and lamps shared the same fate.

The abolition of chantries, free chapels, and guild chapels were, it might be urged, matters of private concern which did not affect the faithful at large, only certain groups thereof: but the alienation of rectories was a very different matter. These alienations were effected under Henry VIII after the suppression of the monasteries; and there are reminders of them in this volume wherein are recorded certain fresh grants, as, for example, that of the rectory of Repton which had belonged to the Austin canons of Repton, and that of Packington which had belonged to the monks of Coventry. Entries of this kind attract one's attention to the innate vice of the original grants to the monasteries; for, being wise after the event, we realize the possibility of monasteries being suppressed without the apostasy of the country in which they are situated, and, on suppression, of the endowments of the parishes held by them passing, as they have passed, into the hands of laymen.

There are a number of other entries of ecclesiastical interest. Among them may be noted a couple of royal dispensations for the eating of meat and *lactinia* during Lent contrary to the Statute of 2 Edward VI; another dispensation from residence in either of his two parishes

to the rector of Penshurst in Kent and Southchurch in Essex, as he was sixty-five years old and suffered continual torture from gout, "partly by the ignorance and carelessness of the unskilful profession of the healing art in the country"; and a third for a layman to hold a canonry in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, as a reward for his labours in the instruction of youth, "a method of teaching which the King thinks no less useful to the Church whereof under Christ he is head than that of preaching from the pulpit."

Two of the entries relate to Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London. On September 8, 1549, a commission was issued to Cranmer, Ridley, Sir William Petre, and others "to hear objections against and suspend, excommunicate, commit to prison, deprive or use any other censure ecclesiastical against Edmund bishop of London" for not observing certain injunctions relating to spiritual matters which had been laid upon him by the Protector in Council; and on April 1, 1550, there is an entry to the effect that Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of Rochester, had been translated to London, then void by the deprivation of Edmund of that place. In the June of the latter year, 1550, proceedings of a different kind were taken against another bishop, William Barlow of Bath and Wells. He and some of his officials had offended against the Statute of Provisors of 16 Richard II and the Statute of 28 Henry VIII against maintaining the authority of the Roman pontiff and see: in consequence a writ of *præmunire* was issued, and those accused were summoned to appear before the King. The bishop and one of the others did not appear in person and were condemned for their contumacy; but on November 12 letters patent were issued pardoning their default and making "gift to them of their goods forfeited thereby." There is another entry relating to proceedings against a cleric, of which one would like to know more. On August 31, 1549, the vicarage of Chipping Norton was granted to one Edward Large, it being then "void by the death of Henry Joys lately executed for high treason." What was the offence of Henry Joys? Can it be that he was a hitherto unknown martyr?

E. B.



*The Right Honourable Sir Mortimer Durand.* A Biography, by Sir Percy Sykes. Cassell. 25s. net.

FOR any man a change of vocation in middle life is a very perilous thing, however much gifted by the gods he may be. Although Sir Percy Sykes himself does not draw this lesson in his excellent biography of Sir Mortimer Durand, the book written by him as a labour of love in honour of a great English gentleman and an official of outstanding merits makes it very clear. No doubt it seemed a good step for Sir Mortimer to move on from the rank of Foreign Secretary to the Government of India to the position of Minister Plenipotentiary at Teheran. The appointment was in itself eminently sound. He had made himself master of the problems of Central Asia and Afghanistan, and, as Lord Curzon noted at the time, realized the transcendent importance of Anglo-Indian interests in Persia and of their reaction upon the Indian Empire. Moreover, as Foreign Secretary, he had had much to do with the settlement of the boundary between Afghan Turkestan and the Russian dominions, and was, therefore, well suited to the post in Persia in days when Russia was constantly stretching out for further moves forward. By removing sources of misunderstanding and constant irritation, Durand cleared the air for the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907, which not only saved India and Great Britain from decades of anxiety, but had the far greater effect of paving the way to the attachment of Russia on the side of the Allies for the major portion of the Great War. However, his appointment as British representative at Teheran had cut him off definitely from the line for which he was best suited, and when five years of tenure of that post had passed, his next promotion had to be within his new department. The change as Ambassador to the Court of Spain was not a very severe one, and he spent three happy and successful years at Madrid, where he was respected and liked. But upon the sudden death of Sir Michael Herbert, he was offered and accepted the Embassy at Washington. It is curious to think that not only had

he no nervousness about taking the post offered, but he welcomed it as the goal of his ambition, and had no doubt in his own capacity to make it a success. But it was only natural that a man who had been accustomed all his life to deal with Orientals found it difficult to work in harmony with Americans. Moreover he suffered, as so many naturally shy men do, from the accusation of being arrogant and aloof.

Sir Percy Sykes feels strongly for the subject of his volume, but though he writes well on this particular topic, he will find it difficult to persuade the ordinary reader that there was any other reason for Sir Mortimer's recall from America other than that the post there was not quite suited to his *métier*. What is regrettable is that the bitter feelings roused by his return from America prevented him from accepting the offer of the appointment of Governor of Bombay. Back in the East there is not the least doubt that he would again have shown his full worth in the right atmosphere, and might even have emulated Lord Lawrence in providing India with a Viceroy selected out of its own services. He was only fifty-six when he left Washington, and had years of good work left in him, which were not fully utilized in the literary occupations that he took up.

A. O'B.

*Apostate*, by Forrest Reid. Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

WHEN the reader puts aside the charm with which this story is told and looks the story itself resolutely in the face, what is there beyond the ordinary, what external incident, what experience of the soul? Frankly, very little. Whatever there is has been set out to the best advantage by the author's masterly style. But was it worth saying? One, and only one, feature in the entire book distinguishes it from the life-story of many another boy of artistic sensibilities—and that is the quite extraordinarily continuous and coherent dream which haunted his childish nights.

The story of the author's revolt from an ugly presentation of religion is unfortunately a very ordinary feature of

modern autobiographies. Revolt—hardly even that; religion never took root in his heart. When as a little boy they attempted to console his terror of a dark and lonely bedroom by reminding him that God was with him in the dark, "He wasn't; He never had been." This further instance of an all too common experience possesses nothing of unusual interest.

The type, paper, and binding deserve a book of more enduring appeal.

E. W.

THOSE who conceived the idea of producing the *Catholic Schools Hymn-Book* (Catholic Truth Society, price 3s.) are to be sincerely congratulated, for a more useful—indeed necessary—book cannot be thought of. If a renaissance of Church music is to be brought about, a start cannot be made too early in the careers of those who must be responsible for it. It is difficult, if not altogether impossible, to start work on an already partially developed mind. How often do we not hear people of middle age, and still more, older people, championing the music they heard in their youth, not because of its merits (they frequently recognize the non-existence of these), but for sentimental reasons, the principal one being that this music is associated with the happy years of youth, and recalls memories which they like to keep green. In this way much of the unworthy music of the past, which should have received decent burial long ago, is retained, when the better taste of a present age is clamouring for something else. The *Catholic Schools Hymn-Book* should reduce the risk of this in the future, for to associate really worthy Church music with the impressionable years of childhood gives the better forms of music a good chance, at least, of survival, in so far as the adults of the future will cherish this kind of music with the same loving reverence which is bestowed by present-day grown-ups on the music they knew when they were young.

The added utility which the book of accompaniments

affords to the initial effort need not be dwelt upon at any great length, for its need is apparent to all who appreciate the necessity of training the child mind in the best forms of Church music. The accompaniment of plain chant, for instance, has in the past been largely responsible for the want of interest displayed in this branch of ecclesiastical music. The heavy chords, the inappropriate harmonies, which we all remember—some with a shudder—made the rendering of the chant a nightmare, which, like all nightmares, is best forgotten. Is it surprising, then, that plain chant is looked upon by many as a kind of torture, which cannot be too soon forgotten?

The book before us, published in a very convenient form, is an auxiliary for which we should be profoundly grateful. The plain-chant accompaniments have been well done by Dr. Ralph Dunstan. It might perhaps be possible to question the advisability of some few details: why does Dr. Dunstan link together so many of the verses of the *Te Deum*, for instance, by means of passing notes in the bass; is not a pause between the verses more desirable? Such slight objections may hold, but, on the whole, the work is well done. Fr. Driscoll's introductory notes are excellent, and should prove of immense value to choir-masters.

J. L.

*Plato's American Republic*, by D. Woodruff. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

THE idea of analyzing the American soul in Socratic form and of testing it by Socratic standards is so well attempted by Mr. Woodruff in *Plato's American Republic* that we are left wondering why it has not been done before. The wisdom of Socrates is for all times; why not for all peoples? It is surely perfectly legitimate for us to conceive of Socrates living in the modern world and judging it by his eternally true standards. The very form of his book reminds us that Mr. Woodruff is one of that growing army of thinkers who are convinced that civilization can only be saved by a return to sanctions and principles of thought and conduct which are themselves immutable.

The modern world must be reminded that such sanctions and principles still exist. The contemporary American must be brought face to face with a contemporary Socrates.

The dialogue opens with the delightful suggestion that a stranger in Athens has offered to buy the Parthenon and all the buildings on the Acropolis, remove them to his own land and re-erect them there. When asked, however, if he wished to buy the hill as well as the buildings on it, he said that he did not, "for he spoke as one most ignorant, but he guessed that there were as good hills in his own country, which he explained was also the particular residence of the gods."

The double indictment which Socrates (or Mr. Woodruff) makes against the Americans is: (1) that they are ignorant of the true nature of what is good, that they despise genuine thought and are therefore lacking in that rich individuality which is the mark of civilized men, and (2) that they have entirely lost the conception of freedom. They talk much of freedom. But the only conception of it which Socrates has been able to discover in their minds is "freedom from George III"! Having fled from the domination of the English aristocracy, they have a horror of inequality of status and of "aristocracies" of any kind. But nowhere does genuine freedom exist so little as in this "land of liberty." In all things they act in obedience to a tyrant called Public Opinion which directs them in the service of a strange god called Progress. This tyrant is "not a more merciful than was Procrustes. For Procrustes forced all over whom he could obtain power to become standardized, fitting them to that bed of his and lopping off the feet of those that were too long, but racking and stretching the limbs of those that were too short, so that the bodies of all should conform to the same mould. But the tyrant who rules the Americans—or all whom he can master—is worse than Procrustes, for he seeks to fashion and control not the body, as is the way of ordinary tyrants, but the soul itself. He standardizes their souls wherever he is strong."

As we shall see, this tyrant is himself the offspring of



Propaganda, being organized by the hierarchy of Progress, which consists of manufacturers, women, and preachers. (The attributes of the god Progress appear to be infinite size and infinite speed.) Whatever facilitates the following of Progress is blessed by Public Opinion; whatever hinders it is inquisitorially condemned.

"What would happen," asked Lysis, "if the preachers wished one thing and the manufacturers another?"

"That seldom happens," replies Socrates, "for the majority of preachers have never been known to wage a campaign against any activities that were thought desirable by the men of commerce, such as the prostitution of the soul which is called salesmanship, or the concentration upon business success which is called 'making good.' But they attack those pleasures of ordinary men, like gambling and drinking, which the manufacturers will support them in attacking. For I verily believe that they think it worse to be a drunkard than to sell one's soul for gold. Nor is it difficult to see how they have reached even such absurdities as this . . . (for) they hold that some sins might unfit a man to serve the gods, and in particular the god Progress, for they do not value all the gods equally, and to Bacchus they will not agree to pay any honours at all. Now to those who think like that, a man will seem not wholly bad, though the reasonable part of his soul be subordinated to a shameless desire for pelf, because such a man can play his part, and, indeed, be a leader, in that industrial life, walking calmly among the whirring wheels and running the machines whose buzz they consider a perpetual song of praise to Progress. But a drunkard cannot safely assist at these services. . . ."

Mr. Woodruff has been so successful in his analysis of the ills affecting the Americans that we could wish he had given us some more fruitful suggestions for their remedy. The "return to philosophy" is that which he naturally recommends in his official capacity as Socrates, and the means suggested for bringing about this renewal of intellectual life are certainly amusing. But does philosophy contain this regenerative power? Was the world which

Mommsen describes ignorant of philosophy? And did philosophy save it? What force can save American civilization from its own excesses? We have little doubt as to the answer which Mr. Woodruff would give: it is to that other America represented by the "priests and keepers of ancient tradition" that we must look for its salvation. But to ask him for an account of that other America is, of course, to ask him for another book.

L. W.

*Gray's Poetry and Prose.* With Essays by Johnson, Goldsmith, and others; with an Introduction and Notes by J. Crofts. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, 1926. 3s. 6d.

**A**N excellent selection and a judicious introduction written in a style worthy of the prose it is to introduce. The notes are perhaps too full of information which anyone capable of profiting by the present volume may be supposed to know already (*e.g.*, an allusion to the Gorgon is explained), and omit information the reader would gladly be given—*e.g.*, who was Lady Purbeck, or, again, who were Marcello the Barbeuna and the Sallé? We must qualify the praise due to the selection in view of the inclusion of No. IX. This stupid, vulgar, and once almost blasphemous piece (p. 83, l. 30) is unworthy of its writer's delicate taste, and representative only of his worst defect, which indeed it exaggerates—an affected and laboured humour. For further examples of this, equally affected but more elaborate, see pp. 72 and 102. The reader will, however, notice a marked improvement in the later letters.

The poems, of course, are classics—in the bad as well as the good sense of the term. The "Fatal Sisters" and indeed the "Descent of Odin," though inferior in form, produce an effect of weird awe reminiscent of the romantic school. But they are translations. The letters are charming because they reflect the personality of Gray, interesting because they reflect the personality of his *milieu*. For Gray's temperament was such that he offers a pleasing reflection of his environment, while lacking that powerful

individuality which colours the picture with its own hue. Truly does Hazlitt call Gray a "looker-on in the game of human life"—a verdict to which Mr. Crofts wisely draws our attention. Since he never enters life he sees with untroubled vision every detail of the surface. But below the surface he is blind. For entrance alone gives that deeper, if narrower, vision. A truly amazing example of this extraordinary detachment is the Ode on a *distant* prospect of Eton College. Distant indeed—for the poet paints the life of the Eton boy as a painless and griefless Paradise. The eighteenth-century public school, with its flogging masters and bullying boys, bore a far closer resemblance to hell. Yet Gray had been at Eton himself. Presumably some extraordinary personal charm protected him even then from the bitter realities of human life. It remains a curious problem. But in this very aloofness from real life, this attitude of the onlooker, pensive, contemplative, sensitive, Gray did but emphasize a characteristic of the culture to which he belongs.

E. I. W.

THE Catholicism of the United States has proved the prodigy of the Church in the twentieth century. It has been often mis-estimated from Europe and singularly neglected by statesmen. It has become the great factor in American life. Its statistics and dimensions are becoming apparent, and its detail is already a matter of puzzled criticism and admiring research. The literature of American Catholicism is comparatively small. Outwardly it appears like a huge business and advertisement corporation, a Trust in Dogma and the brick and mortar expression of Dogma; but of its inner soul little, indeed, reaches literary form. To the poems of Father Tabb, the Essays of Bishop Spalding, the apologetics of Cardinal Gibbons, the policies of Archbishop Ireland, the European reader can now add the speeches of Mr. Bourke Cockran published *In the Name of Liberty* (Putnam). For thirty years he was the spokesman of the Irish Cause and the Catholic Order in and out of Congress. His greatest speeches have

been posthumously collected on such varied subjects as Wages, Sound Money, the Negro Problem, and the Trusts. His plea in support of Pope Benedict's Appeal for Peace, his welcome of the Belgian Delegation to America, and the Cause of Ireland rank with the greatest utterances made even in America during those vociferous years. The speech "Why I am a Catholic" is the Tract of a modern Chrysostom. The lay Catholic orator is a phenomenon which has passed from Europe since the days of O'Connell and Montalembert.

S. L.

*The Shadow of Mount Carmel: A Pilgrimage.* By William Force Stead. Richard Cobden Sanderson. 15s.

"SEEK, and ye shall find." If any man be entitled to expect with a confident hope the fulfilment of the promise, it is the writer of this book. For his pilgrimage is far more than a bodily journeying to distant and sacred places, though, to be sure, he describes also travel in the literal sense, to Paris, Nancy (to see M. Coué, R.I.P.), Lourdes, Rome, and Assisi, with the reminiscence of an earlier visit to Sicily. It is essentially a pilgrimage in search of the goal of all human journeys—the vision of Truth. Does Mr. Stead reach it? Yes and no. He certainly attains to a faith in God, but he is not so sure of the where and how of His revelation to man. As his chapters on Notre Dame, Lourdes, and St. Peter's prove, he feels the presence of a superhuman power in the Church—also a superhuman beauty in her rites. And yet he would seem to accept the triple branch theory—Rome, Constantinople, Canterbury (pp. 169-70). And he evidently finds much that is distasteful in Catholic devotion to our Lady, particularly her Immaculate Conception (pp. 168-70), and the need of her intercession with Jesus (p. 64). As regards the latter point, he might be asked to consider a distinction between the belief that God grants our prayer because of Mary's, as if unwilling of Himself to grant, and the belief that He grants prayer in, with, and through Mary and the Saints, because loving her and

them so dearly and desiring us to love them too, He wills to hear our petitions in that way, thus giving us not only the object for which we pray, but Mary and the Saints with it. Moreover, before he discusses the doctrines of the Church he ought to make certain that he understands them. On p. 169 he explains Papal Infallibility as meaning that the Pope is infallible "in an Œcumenical Council," and under due conditions outside it. He might have corrected his mistake from the first textbook of Catholic doctrine.

In truth—Mr. Stead will, I hope, forgive the criticism—he is a little too impressionist in his methods. It is not only justifiable, it is indispensable to listen to Pascal's *raisons de cœur*, but passing feelings, especially on matters of detail, may easily mislead. For instance, he objects to the "Holy Ghost Bank" which he saw in Rome, and treats it as typical of some quality in the Church which must make her for ever unacceptable to the Englishman (p. 170). Does he realize that the Bank is no ordinary commercial enterprise carried on for profit, but a method of advancing loans to the poor at an interest sufficient only to cover working expenses—a work therefore of charity, most fitly dedicated to Love? Mr. Stead is delighted at Lourdes with the Hôtel de l'Ange Gardien et de l'Enfant Jésus (p. 103). Yet that hotel is no doubt a commercial venture in a sense in which the Holy Ghost Bank is not. Surely Mr. Stead has allowed the impressionist method to play a trick upon his judgement.

While every Christian, indeed every decent man, will applaud the author's mordant attack on the obscene literature of the decadent school, it is a mistake to complain of it on the wrong score (p. 39). *Rima*—i.e., sub-human nature—is really cruel and obscene, at least in certain aspects. If it were not so, what need of cosmic redemption? "*Omnis creatura ingemiscit . . . expectans redemptionem.*" The obscene realist is wrong, not because he sees Nature as unredeemed, but because he sees her as irredeemable. "We are all mystics in varying degrees" (p. 59). The statement, unqualified by distinctions such as



that between supernatural and natural mysticism, is both false and dangerous, leading directly to the shallow pantheism which equates all values. There is no more connection between the flowers which adorn the altar of repose, which the author, misled by a current mistake, identifies with the Easter sepulchre—and the gardens of Adonis—than between the flowers on my dining table and that long-forgotten vegetation cult. It is natural and obvious to use flowers for adornment. The confusion with the sepulchre probably facilitated the error. But the reflexions to which it gives rise, if uncalled for by the facts, are just and wise. Thirteenth-century scholasticism—the scholasticism which produced SS. Thomas and Bonaventura—was not “arid.” Mr. Stead has here repeated (p. 184) the Renaissance calumny, due in the first instance to reaction against the *degenerate* nominalist schools, which, alas, still does duty to-day. Nor did St. Francis “upbraid Pope and Cardinals for luxurious living” (p. 189). Very great saints have rebuked the shortcomings of the clergy, sometimes even of the Pope. But St. Francis was not among them. Has Mr. Stead never heard the story of the reverence which he went out of his way to display to an immoral priest? These criticisms are worth making, because they are further indications of a tendency to neglect the place which clear thinking and accurate determination of facts must always occupy in the quest of truth. And Mr. Stead is so earnest in that quest, that his zeal deserves the full use of every instrument available. Since this Review is primarily an organ of Catholic thought, we have stressed the religious aspect of this book. But we would not, therefore, seem to ignore its very high merit as a work of literary art. It is nothing less than a contribution to contemporary literature. Every stroke of Mr. Stead’s brush tells and contributes to a series of vivid and unforgettable pictures. The poems scattered here and there through the prose are worthy of their setting, and the two which conclude the book, “Florence” and “Night Ecstasy,” are gems.

E. I. W.

THE late lamented Dr. C. F. Burney left us in his *The Poetry of Our Lord* (Clarendon Press. 15s. Pp. 182) a precious legacy of his scholarly mind. Four years ago his *Aramaic Origin of the Fourth Gospel* showed his mastery of the mother-tongue of Our Saviour and boldly opened out a field of research, into which, it is hoped, others will enter, though but few are likely to possess a more thorough knowledge of Aramaic. An adequate knowledge of Hebrew, and of Syriac, which classes as Western-Aramaic, is not so rare, but Eastern or Palestinian Aramaic is less generally known with such thoroughness as to make the retranslation of the Greek text of the Gospels into Our Lord's mother-tongue a matter of ease. The material available is scanty. We possess the short Aramaic sections of Daniel, some inscriptions, the Aramaic of the Talmud, Palestinian Syriac Church-lectionaries, but nothing exactly contemporary with Our Lord, or of Galilean provenance, except perhaps some Talmudic matter. None the less there is enough to tempt the scholar to endeavour to retranslate Our Lord's words back from the Greek into the native tongue, and thus to ascertain as far as possible the *ipsissima verba* of Christ. It was this alluring task which charmed the mind of Dr. Burney. If ever we recover the lost Aramaic original of St. Matthew, which was still in the hands of St. Jerome, we shall be able to test the value of Dr. Burney's achievement. What struck him first was the Aramaic character of Our Lord's sayings in St. John. These sayings were commonly reputed by non-Catholic scholars as meditations of an Ephesian disciple which bore only remote resemblance to anything which Our Lord actually said. Dr. Burney's studies brought out into vivid light that the words of the Johannine Christ were so Aramaic in character that verisimilitude suggested that they were originally spoken by a Palestinian Jew of the first century rather than by a Greek-speaking Christian of the beginning of the second. Such demonstrations, though, of course, never apodictical, move the mind to accept the truth of the tradition that the Son of Zebedee was correctly reporting his Master.

This present book is an examination of the formal elements of Hebrew poetry in the discourses of Our Lord. Christ, as Hebrew prophet, is likely to have used that rather free, yet unmistakable, *rhythmus*, that striking antithetical and synthetical sequence of words and ideas, which is the well-known mark of Hebrew religious poetry. We are apt to think that poetry would deprive Our Lord's utterances of that spontaneity and simplicity which we expect in addresses to Galilean peasants, but this is not so. There is no rigid scansion, it is more a lilt and a cadence, which corresponds to the sequence of thought and which seems to come natural to Hebrew prophecy and exalted speech. Dr. Burney gives some striking examples of which we shall quote only one, Our Lord's charge to His Apostles:

Heal the sick, raise the dead,  
 Cleanse the lepers, cast out devils;  
 Freely ye have received, freely give;  
 Take nought for the journey, but staff alone—  
 No bread, no scrip, no brass in the girdle;  
 But be shod with sandals, and wear not two coats.  
 When ye enter a house, ask its welfare  
 And there remain, till ye go thence.  
 And that which receives you not, nor hears your word,  
 Shake off its dust, from off your feet.  
 Lo, I send you forth, like sheep among wolves;  
 Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

In the English rendering, of course, much of this cadence can but imperfectly be reproduced; the author therefore in many instances gives the Aramaic as he conceives it must have been. Some of these renderings are really admirable,

and must be very close to the actual words uttered by the divine Speaker.

It is remarkable, too, how this endeavour to render the text in Aramaic parallelism or Kina metre brings out the fact, of which this reviewer has been deeply convinced for many years, that the text of St. Matthew is normally closer to the *ipsissima verba* of Our Lord than that of St. Mark and St. Luke. Dr. Burney gives a translation of Matt. xvi 17, the *Tu es Petrus* text, which brings it out as a series of tristichs which run smoothly in Aramaic; although the folly of some modern scholarship refuses to see in these words any utterance of Christ.

The book is full of good things. It will be a joy to New Testament scholars, and is useful, in a measure, even to those whose knowledge of Hebrew and Aramaic is very imperfect, or entirely wanting.

J. P. A.

**B**IBLICA, the official organ of the Biblical Institute in Rome, is a highly technical and erudite periodical which normally appeals only to the trained Biblical scholar. English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Latin articles follow one another in great profusion, and the pages are studded with Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and even Egyptian characters. Some pages are a veritable triumph of the printer's art. It contains nothing greatly sensational, but continues steadily its spade work. Some of us are perhaps a little impatient with it precisely on this account, because we would wish it to speak out clearly on some of the great questions of Biblical interpretation which seem to clamour for a solution. However, it may be real wisdom to be slow and cautious; the day of the great synthesis has evidently not yet come; meanwhile it may be best to work assiduously at matters of detail. Of general interest perhaps is the article by Schaumberger on the recently found cuneiform text, giving the astronomical forecasts for the year 6-7 B.C., and therefore perhaps alluding to the Star of the Magi in the conjunctions of Jupiter and Saturn close to the boundary-line of Pisces

during many months of that year. The same subject is again treated by C. Schoch and in a second article by Schaumberger. If it can be proved that the constellation Pisces was thought to signify the people Israel, and that Saturn was regarded as Israel's Star, even so there remains the question, why did not a similar conjunction in 126 B.C. bring Magi to Jerusalem? Conceivably the conjunction in 6-7 B.C. is connected with the Star of Bethlehem; but without some distinct divine revelation to the Magi, the matter can surely not be explained. The articles entitled *Christus-Adam*, dealing with the Pauline conceptions of Our Lord as the Second Adam, are painstaking and exhaustive, and appeal to a larger section of readers. This is likewise true of Dr. Sutcliffe's study on the story of Balaam's ass, as integral part of the whole account of Balaam's dealings with Balak. Other articles such as "Problems of the Septuagint text of the Book of Judges" or "The text underlying the Armenian translations of the Gospel" show scrupulous and truly German accuracy, but can hardly be expected to appeal to the general reader.

J. P. A.

*Religious Experience: Its Nature and Truth.* By K. Edward, D.Ph. T. and T. Clark. 8s.

AT a time when the empirical approach to religion is so popular, but so encumbered with the results of hasty and loose thinking, Dr. Edward's Kerr lectures are opportune. The author's treatment is extremely stimulating and suggestive. By religious experience he understands "personal religion," the experimental element of religion studied by Baron von Hügel in his *Mystical Element of Religion*. The book seeks to establish the validity of the evidence borne by religious experience to its divine object. On the whole, this is successfully and cogently done, and many valuable considerations emerge in the course of the argument. For example, Dr. Edwards points out that the force of suggestion is at present stronger against than for religion, and therefore, if religious truth is to be discredited,



because largely conveyed by suggestion, the anti-religious interpretation of life is even more liable to rejection on that score. It is, however, a pity that the writer seems to hesitate between two lines of argument: the direct argument that the objective reality of God is given immediately in religious experience as sense objects are given immediately in sensation, and the indirect argument that God is a postulate which we are compelled to assume in order to account for the values produced by religious experience in human life. As an additional argument the indirect and pragmatic argument is legitimate, but it should not be brought forward as though the direct argument were otherwise insufficient or dubious. The subjectivism of that idealist epistemology which has exerted so fatal an attraction upon the Protestant theologian damages and confuses Dr. Edward's treatment of his subject. From the position reached in Lecture III, the writer might have proceeded to a more objective and definite conclusion than that which he expounds in the two concluding lectures. But he lays foundations which will bear a stronger and larger edifice than he erects, and his book cannot be read without profit by the student of religion.

E. I. W.

*Estrategia de la Voluntad o Los Caracteres.* By Dr. Luis Pont y Tubau, Professor of the History of Philosophy, Philosophy and Dogmatic Theology at San Miguel's College, Barcelona. Editorial Poliglota, Barcelona, 1926.

**B**AD paper, repellent type, binding equally unpleasing, and, what is far worse, an exceedingly dry and textbooky form of treatment, must not prevent the student from reading a valuable book. Dr. Pont's elaborate psychological study of human character contains a large number of important psychological laws and accurate analyses. The one hundred and twenty different types of character briefly but clearly analyzed (by the method of empirical observation, not by psycho-analysis) will repay study and should be useful for reference. But the "practical and scientific" method by which Dr. Pont proposes to discover the absence, presence, and comparative

strength of definite characteristics in a given individual, though highly ingenious, seems almost impossible to apply unless under exceptionally favourable conditions, and, even if successful, demands, on Dr. Pont's own showing, such qualification as must render the result extremely vague and uncertain. In fact, the reader is left—and this, after all, is to a great extent intended by the author—with the impression that the factors which produce and constitute character are so complex that any accurately scientific determination is impossible. The only practical method of study is, after all, empirical and intuitive. Nevertheless the analyses, descriptions, and laws which fill this lengthy and painstaking study will stimulate and guide the observer. The chapters on the development and alteration of character throw considerable light on the nature and methods of education. But the student of mysticism will hardly give unqualified assent to the dictum *nihil est in intellectu quod prius non fuerit in senso*, however true the axiom may be of all other orders of knowledge (p. 90); nor, in spite of his gross exaggerations and his perversities, can Freud's treatment of dreams be dismissed quite so cavalierly as Dr. Pont seems to think (356).

E. I. W.

*The Life of the World to Come.* By Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B. Burns Oates and Washbourne. 1926. 5s.

THE theological writing of the Abbot of Buckfast, while, of course, in substance a statement of beliefs common to every Catholic theologian, is not the colourless scientific exposition of the theological textbook. Catholic doctrine is presented in a manner markedly individual. Those—and they are many—to whose taste the colouring and manner of this particular theological artist make an appeal will welcome the Abbot's picture of life beyond the grave. Others whose æsthetic preferences are different may be pardoned if they find his palette too flamboyant. This is certainly a book which, for many souls, will make the Catholic teaching upon death, purgatory, heaven, and the final resurrection more real than it had been before.

We could wish, however, that Abbot Vonier had shown himself less unfavourable to the view that the identity between the risen body and the present is due to its identical form, the soul, and does not involve identity "of atomic matter." If the latter identity is not *de fide*—and on the Abbot's admission it is not—it places an unnecessary strain on our faith to ask us to accept it. E. I. W.

*Anthology of Jesus.* Arranged and edited by Sir James Marchant, K.B.E., LL.D. Cassell and Co.

"A PERSON came and lived and loved and did and taught and died and rose again . . . so unspeakably rich and yet so simple, so sublime and yet so homely, so divinely above us precisely in being so divinely near—that His character and teaching require, for an ever fuller yet never complete understanding, the varying study . . . of all the individual . . . experiences of the human race."\* The infinite multiplicity, the inexhaustible riches of Christ, in virtue of which He appeals to the most widely diverse minds and characters, and which is so striking an argument that His Personality was not the limited personality of a man, is well illustrated by his anthology. Some two hundred men, representing the most different ages, races and beliefs, divines, philosophers, poets and men of action, and who approach the contemplation of our Lord from the most divergent standpoints, bear witness to the power, beauty, or holiness they have seen in Jesus. Their united testimony is at once a weighty apologetic for His Godhead—none the less cogent because some of the witnesses did not themselves believe it—and a stimulus to the reader's devotion. In a compilation so heterogeneous in its sources and the work of a non-Catholic, there are, as was only to be expected, passages for which the Catholic can have no use. But Catholics who are able to make the necessary omissions and reserves will find much spiritual profit and pleasure in an anthology novel, we believe, in its idea, and chosen with a fine literary taste. E. I. W.

\* Baron F. von Hügel.

*La Messe Romaine.* By Pierre Maranget, S.T.D. Charles Beyaert, Bruges. 6 francs.

**A**N admirable little book. By concentrating on the essential constituents of the Roman rite and omitting details of later introduction, however interesting in themselves, the author has managed to give in a small compass a remarkably clear statement of the composition and history of the Eucharistic Liturgy. In dealing with the vexed question of the origins of the Roman Canon he has wisely refrained from any attempt to reconstruct its original form, and has been content with the more practical, if less ambitious, task of setting out the certain facts. The Catholic who, without wishing to make a special study of liturgy, would like to understand and appreciate his Missal, could desire no better guide than Abbé Maranget's book. It is, however, a pity that a writer who in all liturgical matters displays an intimate acquaintance with the results of historical research should state as facts the transplanting of a mountain by St. Gregory Thaumaturgus and the miraculous restoration of St. John Damascene's hand.

E. I. W.

*Aux Jeunes Filles pour l'Age des Fleurs.* By L. Humblet, S.J. Preface de P. Hénusse, S.J. Charles Beyaert, Bruges. 10 francs.

**W**HEN Père Humblet adopted his sentimental title, his "titre fleuri," in order to attract readers for a book the reverse of sentimental, he no doubt had excellent reasons for doing so. The device, however, is liable to stand between English Catholics and a book which deserves a wide circulation. An acute psychologist, an experienced student of human nature, a man of extensive literary culture and discriminating taste, the author is an excellent counsellor for a young girl or her parents. No doubt the emancipated young girl would dismiss Père Humblet's book as hopelessly out of date, but whatever modifications of detail the changing circumstances of time and place—Belgium is not England—may require, the author's prin-

ciples are the unchanging principles of Christian morality. Space forbids us to call attention in detail to the shrewd and mellow advice on the intellectual, moral, and religious training of girls, of which the book is full. The author's delicate and sensible handling of difficult problems is well seen in his treatment of the girls' reading. As is natural in a writer who belongs to the Latin tradition, Père Humblet is perhaps excessively hostile to the romantic school of literature, too exclusive in his devotion to the classical writers. But, after all, her psychological development of itself inclines a young girl, as the author points out, to a false romanticism, for which the best antidote is the austere and mental discipline which a classical literature provides. And for an age only too apt to give the reins to feeling, Père Humblet's "rationalism" is an excellent tonic.

E. I. W.

*Jésus devant la Critique son Existence, sa Mission, sa Personnalité.*  
Par l'Abbé Paul Buysse, Professeur d'Apologetique. Charles  
Beyaert. 15 francs.

**I**N chapters close packed with evidence and arguments the author argues the historic existence of Jesus—alas! that it should be necessary to do so—His Divine Mission, and finally His Godhead. This volume is an armoury of useful weapons for the service of the Apologist, a treasury of weighty considerations for the contemplation of souls who seek the faith of Christ. The book must not be read as a chain of rigid demonstration which fails if its weakest link breaks. In its positive aspect it is essentially an accumulation of probabilities whose united effect is to make the assent of faith reasonable. Negatively, it applies effective solvents to many, more or less widely accepted, myths produced by the uncritical faith of rationalists and critics. In a work whose scope is so extensive, complete accuracy of detail would be too much to expect from a single writer. We have tested the statement, selected more or less at random, on p. 342 that the resurrection of Attis is first heard of in the fourth century. According



to Wissowa, the annual festival commemorative of Attis' resurrection is over a century older. But minor inaccuracies of this kind do not substantially affect the author's argument. The utility of the book, however, is gravely impaired by the lack of a bibliography. And was it really necessary to adopt the bill-poster method of printing?

E. I. W.

*De Bonitate et Malitia Actuum Humanorum.* By Victore Cathrein, S.J. Editions du Museum Lessianum. E. Desbarax, Louvain.

THE learned author in this work makes a useful addition to our ethical literature. The book is a short commentary on four questions (18-21, I, IIae) of the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas, in which the angelic doctor explains the fundamental principles of morality. It is no doubt true that the ethical problem to-day, bearing chiefly as it does upon the relation of human actions to God, is more fundamental than any which is treated at all fully in this volume. But the radical error of the so-called "independent moralists" finds its refutation in Theodicy rather than in the branch of philosophy with which this work deals.

The author has avoided a tendency much to be lamented, it seems to us, in many modern commentators, to devote far too much attention to heterodox theories, with detriment to the clear exposition of the true doctrine. Error is best confounded by a full explanation of the truth. Father Cathrein adheres faithfully to his purpose of explaining the text of St. Thomas, illustrating the author's meaning, not by his own views, but by other texts of the author himself. Preconceived opinions, which detract so much from the value of many otherwise excellent commentaries, seem in this work to have exercised little influence; although, perhaps, exception may be made by some in the case of the principle *lex dubia non obligat*, where the objectivity of the author's judgement is less apparent.

In conclusion, we may propose this little work as a model

to the commentators of St. Thomas, who might respectfully be urged to give more prominence to the doctrine of St. Thomas and a little less to their own.

G. D. S.

*Periodicum Internationale Angelicum de re philosophica et theologica quater in anno.* Apud Pontificium Institutum Internationale "Angelicum." Annual subscription, 25 lire.

WE welcome, though with tardy greeting—for it is in its third year—this quarterly review issued by the "Angelico" Institute in Rome. The number that we have before us seems to indicate that the programme of the periodical—to explain, to defend, and to develop the philosophical and theological teaching of St. Thomas—is being carried out in a manner worthy of the learned sons of St. Dominic. Father Schultes gives us the first instalment of an illuminating article on the doctrine of St. Thomas concerning man's co-operation in the reception of sanctifying grace; Dr. Grabmann contributes an interesting historical commentary on the much-neglected Prologue of the *Summa Theologica*; from Father Van den Oudenrijn we have a useful article on the history of prophecy; and from Father Vosté a dissertation on parables. Father Walz, finally, gives a brief outline of the life of the angelic doctor in a series of well-documented articles. Other controverted questions are treated more briefly under the heading *Notæ et Discussiones*. The *Analysis Periodicorum* is a useful feature, though on the whole the bibliographical section is not so exhaustive as we might have hoped.

G. D. S.

*The Franciscans in England.* By Edward Hutton. Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

THE story of the Pre-Reformation English Franciscans leaves one with a feeling of disappointment. The first century of their history was marked by an intense apostolic and intellectual activity which gained them not only national but European renown, and left a record of noble achievement of which any Order might well be proud.

Then came the decline; the swift descent from a soaring idealism and creative energy into an easy-going unadventurous respectability. Of the respectability of the English Franciscans during the next two centuries there can be no question: State records and private documents reveal very few scandals in connection with them. The charges made against them by the political satirists of the fourteenth century are, as Mr. Hutton remarks (p. 215), a "revelation of malice and an abyss of ignorance which may, or may not, be genuine." The one authentic charge which could be made against them as a body was the difference between the commonplace respectability which satisfied them and the life of noble ideals which they professed. So completely had the spiritual idealism of the early days disappeared that the Reform movements which stirred the Order throughout the Continent found no echo amongst the English friars. When the Observant Reform was introduced into England in 1481 it was imported from abroad by the King, Edward IV. Even at the time of the suppression many of the Observants, if not most of them, were foreigners. It was, perhaps, just the deadly sin of commonplace respectability which damned the ancient stock of English Franciscans and resulted in their ignoble failure in the hour of great trial. The Observants alone saved the honour of St. Francis and added another lustre—the lustre of martyrdom—to the story of the Franciscans in England.

Mr. Hutton attributes the decline in the fourteenth century to the Black Death, when about two-thirds of the friars succumbed to the plague. Undoubtedly the Black Death did contribute to the decline; though we cannot altogether accept Mr. Hutton's dictum that the friars who survived were largely "the scum and refuse of the Order, those who had refused the service of the sick, those who had fled, the selfish and fearful" (p. 180). In the general demoralization which resulted from the plague, religious discipline was everywhere relaxed, whilst the religious houses became enriched by the alms of the terror-stricken people. Moreover, to fill the friaries emptied by death,

youths were received and professed without adequate spiritual training. However, it must be remembered that the seeds of decline had already been sown before the plague came to bring them to fruition. Already a tendency was showing itself to live on the heritage of fame bequeathed by the friars of the earlier period—always a fatal tendency in any society.

Mr. Hutton's book will prove a useful guide to those who are beginning to study English Franciscan history. One would have wished for a fuller description of the actual life and work of the friars in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries obtainable from the records of the period, and not least from the vast number of wills in which alms are left to the friars. In discussing the organization of the Franciscan Order, the author rather stresses the difference between what he calls "the Papal idea" and St. Francis's idea. But was there a Papal idea? The evidence goes to show that the Papacy was concerned to do justice to both parties within the Order, whilst maintaining intact the essential note of poverty; and to guide the necessary developments as the Order grew and expanded.

Fr. C.

THERE is oddly not nearly so much difficulty about reading the beginning of a book by Gertrude Stein like this book of hers called *Composition as Explanation* (Hogarth Essays. 3s. 6d.) as there is in reading it later on when it gets nearer the end. It is all written like this with no punctuation of course but it does sound as if it meant something. Every now and then a word or two is written twice over twice over but of course that may be the printer. It is a little confusing to be told that people are the composing of the composition that at the time they are living is the composition of the time in which they are living, but probably it all works out somehow. She goes on like this for about thirty pages and then she says now that is all. But it isn't it isn't it isn't. It's only about half. She starts putting in headlines after that to symbolically no doubt make her meaning clearer, but it

isn't clearer. It is ever so much not clearer. SITWELL  
EDITH SITWELL.

She says that quite suddenly in capitals as if it were a line of Onward, Christian Soldiers. And in this part of the book all the parts of speech get mixed up anyhow as if she had been taking a lesson in typewriting. The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog lazy dog lazy fox the quick jumps jumps brown. There is only one sentence in this part which is English, it says toasted Susie is my ice-cream, and that is not sense, is it? So awfully not sense. I suppose she must either think it looks pretty or think it sounds pretty when you read it but it doesn't it doesn't either it really doesn't.

Then every now and then she gives you a series of sentences which look like a spelling lesson or testing a new nib. Or sometimes it might be a French exercise. I make fun of him of her. I make fun of them. They make fun of them of this. They make fun of him of her. That sort of thing. I don't make fun of her. She makes fun of herself.

I don't understand why she says it is not usually her habit to mention anything. She is always mentioning things and leaving it at that. Weeks and weeks able and weeks. I can see she is mentioning something. But why does she mention it so often? They make them they make them they make them they make them they make them they make them they make them they make them at once. It is very easy to type-write that sentence. But it would be easier still to write they make them repeat seven times at once. And it would save paper. She wastes paper. Baskets and paper, paper and baskets.

Now and then she seems to be telephoning. Eight eight and eight, eight eight and eight. Eight eight and eight and eight. She ought to have said eight double eight. They must address with tenderness. Yes but the girl at the exchange wouldn't address with tenderness. I think she must do it by taking hashish. Has she has his hashish? Hashish and haberdashers. Dash her hashish.

R. K.



*Human Experience: A Study of its Structure.* By Viscount Haldane. John Murray. 6s. net.

THOSE already familiar with *The Reign of Relativity*, *The Philosophy of Humanism*, and *The Pathway to Reality* will find in this smaller volume but one thing that is new. Viscount Haldane here maintains the same theses and defends them by the same arguments as are to be found in his earlier works. He still holds that reality is knowledge, all-embracing and one; that its diverse degrees and levels are but aspects of the same whole, which conflict only when, forgetting their gradations, we oppose them as equals; and that we, though in the world of objects appearing as individuals, in reality are knowledge itself. He still maintains also that in the Relativity theory "O" does not stand merely for the "origin" of a system of co-ordinates, but that it has something to do with observing minds and their diverse standpoints, and hence that it lends support to his own theory of the relativity of all knowledge, save knowledge itself. He has discovered, however, another theory of knowledge, that, namely, which Professor Dewey has set forth with so conspicuous a skill and learning in his *Experience and Nature*. With this view he contrasts his own, at the same time that he seeks to refute that which Professor Dewey has supported by four hundred odd pages of closely reasoned argument.

The difficulty of adjudicating between rival philosophic claims is considerably enhanced if it be uncertain whether the disputants attach the same meaning to the terms which they each use. When Professor Dewey says that experience is prior to knowledge and extends beyond it, or that the existence of things preconditions our knowledge of them, or that to know a thing is not the only way in which we can react towards it, it is plain that he is speaking of human knowledge in the ordinary sense of that term. But when Viscount Haldane states bluntly "I am knowledge," or assures us that he appears in the world "as mind itself," he seems to be claiming for himself

an identity with Omniscient Mind for which even the philosophic world has thus far failed to give him credit. While if in fairness we ought to add that, though in fact he does not do so, he would probably be quite willing to advance the same claim on behalf of Professor Dewey, our perplexities do but increase; for since the knowledge of Viscount Haldane is admittedly diverse from that of his opponent, they can scarce be both identical with the same omniscience. So it would seem. And yet I suspect that Viscount Haldane would still claim that they are identical on different levels, his own level being that of philosophy, whereas, if the truth be told, his opponent rises little above that of biology and physical science.

About even this, however, there lurks a doubt, for later on we are told that "we human beings always have to think in individual images," and that our minds are thus "precluded by natural conditions from taking in the whole." The identity claimed at the outset is thus in the sequel denied. Human knowledge is not yet omniscience. It does but claim omniscience as its goal. And if this goal be no mere ideal, but a reality which is foundational for our own knowledge, the possibility of which it eternally conditions, and if it thus suppose the existence of "mind of a higher order than experience presents," of mind, that is to say, which possesses knowledge in its entirety, then so much the more marked becomes the distinction between this mind and ours, and between its knowledge and the finite fallible knowledge which we possess.

Professor Dewey, therefore, may be perfectly right when he claims that our knowledge originates in experience, and that its existence, which is ever a process of becoming, presupposes something other than itself. And yet Viscount Haldane also may be right when he says that what is thus presupposed is a mind that is omniscient, a knowledge that is all-embracing and all-creative; and that in this knowledge our human minds participate in diverse degrees, and with it are ultimately to become one. It would seem, then, that the conflict between the two philosophies is apparent rather than real, and that it might even have been avoided

had Lord Haldane not been too modest, too bashful, or too sophisticated to ascribe to the Omniscience with which he seeks identity its more ordinary name.

L. J. W.

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### DECISIONS OF ROMAN CONGREGATIONS

THE *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis* for September announces the appointment of Mgr. Arthur Hinsley, Rector of the Venerable English College, Rome, to the titular see of Sebastopolis, vacant since the death of Bishop John Vaughan. A protocol of the Sacred Congregation of Ceremonial regulating the order to be observed on the occasion of the presentation of credentials by Ambassadors and Ministers Plenipotentiary accredited to the Holy See is also contained in this issue. In October appears a decree constituting a new Prefecture Apostolic, Meru, in East Africa, its territory being taken from the Kenya Vicariate; it is confided to the Fathers of the *Consolata* of Turin. Another decree raises the status of the Prefecture of Cimbebasia to an Apostolic Vicariate, entitled Windhoek, committed to the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. An Apostolic Letter dated April 10, 1926, confers the status of an Abbey on the priory of the Solesmes Benedictine nuns at Ryde. St. John of the Cross is given the title of Doctor of the Church by an Apostolic Letter of August 24. The November issue contains Apostolic Letters notifying the beatification of Ven. Ghebre Michael, the Abyssinian Lazarist Martyr; of the Ven. Emmanuel Ruiz and companions, O.F.M., and three Maronites, Martyrs of Damascus; of the Ven. Jean Marie du Lau, Archbishop of Arles, and 190 others, martyrs of the French Revolution; and of the Ven. Natale Pinot, Confessor. Mgr. Goodier, S.J., late Archbishop of Bombay, is appointed on his retirement to the titular see of Hierapolis.

